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Yosemite Tourist Souvenir Guide

BY D.J.FOLEY
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YOSEMITE, CAL.

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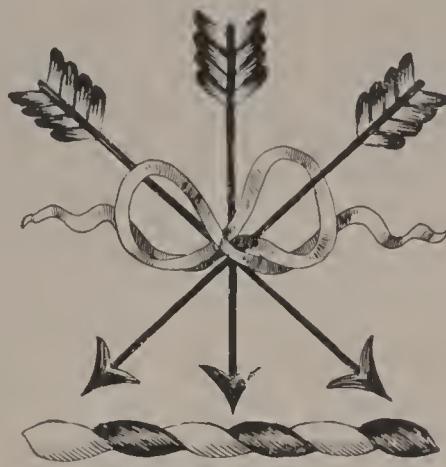
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Photo by C. M. Belshaw, Antioch, Cal.

OVERHANGING ROCK, GLACIER POINT, 3,250 FEET ABOVE
VALLEY FLOOR.

“I love not man the less, but Nature more.”



YOSEMITE

Souvenir and Guide

We take exceptional pleasure in presenting this third edition of our "Yosemite Souvenir and Guide." It is a keen pleasure to have one's work so well appreciated that a new edition is required for each Yosemite season. The pilgrim who comes this way (there were nearly 7,000 of them last year) will, we hope, continue to fully appreciate the fact that within these pages we have endeavored to present one of the best and most complete books ever published upon this subject.

In preparing this "Yosemite Souvenir and Guide" we have tried to put ourselves in your place, to partly understand your wants, and to try to supply them, so far as they can be in a work of this sort. After a residence of several years amid such stupendous wonders as are to be found here, one is very liable to forget just what the new arrival, whose visit must necessarily be a short one, wants to know. This we have tried to give in the following pages. We have been brief where brevity was desirable; we have used rose-tinted pen sketches where we felt they would add to the visitor's appreciation. We have studied the many scenic points of interest in and about the Yosemite, how to get to them, and what to see when you get there. The latter expression must necessarily be a general one, for no two visitors will see the many little and interesting things that are to be seen upon the various trips in and about the Valley in the same way; no two impressions will be exactly alike.

Should you desire information not found in these pages, call at our studio office, "The Tourist," near the guardian's office, and we will take pleasure in being of service to you.

D. J. FOLEY.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite, Cal., April 1, 1903.

YOSEMITE, THE MASTERPIECE

By W. A. CROFFUT.

O words, how poor, and vain, and weak,
When of the masterpiece we speak,
Of emerald vale and starry peak,—
Thy glories, grand Yosemite!

What know we of the times remote,
When on Azoic seas afloat
Great Nature sailed her granite boat,
And dreamt about Yosemite;

When demon thrones were upward hurled,
And fiery flags were high unfurled
From bastions of a ruined world,
Beneath thy gulf, Yosemite;

When Vulcan, tired of labors tame,
Lighted his furious forge of flame,
And smote young Terra's molten frame,
And fashioned wild Yosemite?

We only know this Titan's home
Of ribboned fall and purple dome
Is crystal of the primal foam
That bathed thy beach, Yosemite.

Fair jewel,—gold, and red, and brown,
In splendor shining softly down,
The Kohinoor of Nature's crown,—
Magnificent Yosemite!

Washington, D. C.

DISCOVERY OF YOSEMITE

In entering this wonderland, one of the first questions that naturally arises in the mind of the visitor is, "Who first saw the Yosemite Valley?" From Dr. Bunnell's "Discovery of the Yosemite," we quote the answer: "During the winter of 1849-50, while ascending the old Bear Valley trail from Ridley's Ferry, on the Merced River, my attention was attracted to the stupendous rocky peaks of the Sierra Nevadas. In the distance an immense cliff (El Capitan) loomed, apparently to the summit of the mountains. Although familiar with nature in her wildest moods, I looked upon this awe-inspiring column with wonder and admiration. While vainly endeavoring to realize its peculiar prominence and vast proportions, I turned from it with reluctance to resume the search for coveted gold; but the impressions of that scene were indelibly fixed in my memory. I made many inquiries concerning the scenery of that locality. But few of the miners had noticed any of its special peculiarities. A year or more passed before the mysteries of this wonderful land were satisfactorily solved.

"During the winter of 1850-51, I was attached to an expedition that made the first discovery of what is now known to the civilized world as Yosemite Valley, that is 'not only wonderful in depths and heights, but in its carved and water-quarried recesses and mountain walls that exhibit new beauties in every receding angle and cloud-supporting buttress,'"

In the early part of 1851, the Mariposa Battalion was engaged to penetrate the mountains to fight the Indians, who had become very troublesome. The chief of the Yosemites was Ten-ie-ya, a bright old Indian, a worthy leader of his people, in the closing scenes of their ownership and control of Yosemite. Dr. Bunnell was a member of this party. Their route lay through Wawona, near where they camped one night. They had a friendly Indian for a guide, and from him they got the first information of the "deep, rocky valley on the Merced," where one Indian was equal to many whites. On or about the 21st of March, 1851, the members of the battalion first beheld the glories and wonders of the Yosemite, over which "the mist-clouds rolled in feathery blue-gray banks along every gorge and through the giant mountain pines, hanging over

cliffs and peaks," the frosty breath of the storm-king of the High Sierras, nature's heaven-hung embroidery.

"Suddenly we came in full view of the Valley," continued Dr. Bunnell. "The immensity of rock that I had seen in my vision on the old Bear Valley trail, forty miles away, was here presented to my astonished gaze. The locality of the mysterious cliff was there revealed, its proportions enlarged and perfected."



THE WASHINGTON COLUMN, (ABOUT) 2,000 FEET HIGH.

Their first view of the Valley was from Mt. Beatitude, above New Inspiration Point.

"It has been said that 'it is not easy to describe in words the precise impressions which great objects make upon us.' I can not describe how completely I realized this truth. None but those who have visited this most wonderful Valley can ever imagine the feeling with which I looked upon

the view that there was presented. The grandeur of the scene was but softened by the haze that hung over the Valley—light as gossamer—and by the clouds which partly dimmed the higher cliffs and mountains. This obscurity of vision but increased the awe with which I beheld it, and as I looked, a peculiarly exalted sensation seemed to fill my whole being, and I found my eyes in tears with emotion."

"To obtain a more distinct and quiet view, I had left the trail and my horse, and wallowed through the snow alone to a projecting granite rock. So interested was I in the scene before me, that I did not observe that my comrades had all moved on, and that I would soon be left indeed alone. My situation attracted the attention of Major Savage—who was riding in the rear of the column—who hailed me from the trail below with: 'You had better wake up from that dream up there, or you may lose your hair; I have no faith in Ten-ie-ya's statement that there are no Indians about here. We had better be moving; some of the murdering devils may be lurking along this trail to pick up stragglers.' I hurriedly joined the major on the descent, and as other views presented themselves, I said with some enthusiasm, 'If my hair is now required, I can depart in peace, for I have here seen the power and glory of a Supreme Being; the majesty of His handiwork is in that testimony of rocks.'"

Then to the Mariposa Battalion, commanded by Major Savage, must be given the honor of first entering the Yosemite Valley. Prospectors may have visited it as early as '49, but if they did, they never made known the discovery.

It has been claimed by others, and so published "In the Heart of the Sierras," by the late J. M. Hutchings, that the discovery of the Valley was made on May 5 or 6, 1851. Dr. Bunnell contradicts this, and says that it was made on or about the 21st of March of the same year. The impartial reader must take the evidence of the man who was on the ground and took part in the great event, as against others who were not.

The Walker Discovery

It is admitted by Dr. Bunnell and others that the Mariposa Battalion were not the first white men to look *down* upon or *over* the Valley from above. Captain Walker and party, after whom Walker's Lake and Pass were named,

crossed the Sierras on the old Mono trail, before the battalion put in appearance. Says Dr. Bunnell: "The topography of the country over which the Mono trail ran, and which was followed by Captain Walker, did not admit of his seeing the Valley proper. The depression indicating the Valley, and its magnificent surroundings, could alone have been discovered, and Captain Walker was manly enough to admit the same to me. I cheerfully concede the fact that his were the first white man's eyes that ever looked upon the Yosemite *above* the Valley, and in that sense, he was certainly the original white discoverer."

The First Visitors

In the latter part of June, 1855, the first tourist party visited here, organized by Mr. Hutchings. He was accompanied by Thomas Ayres, an artist, and Walter Millard, and they were joined by Alexander Stair, at Mariposa. Mr. Hutchings had heard of "a waterfall nearly a thousand feet high," and so determined to see for himself. He found all he expected and more than his wildest visions had ever painted. Upon his return to Mariposa, he, at the request of the editor of the "Gazette," wrote the first authentic description of the Valley. It came like a message from a new world,—so startling, so vivid, so realistic. The article was copied into the newspapers and magazines of the day, and by Mr. Hutchings' pioneer efforts the world first heard of the Valley of the Grizzly Bear.

He is Fatally Injured

Mr. Hutchings always expressed a wish to pass away amid the sublime wonders he had done so much to bring before the world. It was one of the apparent mysteries of fate that his wish should come to pass, suddenly, unexpectedly, tragically. On the beautiful, sunny afternoon of Oct. 31, 1902, he was fatally injured, by being hurled from a wagon, while coming down the Oak Flat grade. The accident occurred at a point where the road was level, and within about 300 yards of its foot. Mrs. Hutchings was slightly injured. "I am very much hurt," were his only words, and then his soul passed over the last summit. His remains now rest in the Yosemite cemetery.

THEORIES ABOUT ITS FORMATION

This is about the first question the inquiring visitor will ask, and as it is an important and ever-interesting one, we briefly give the opinions of men who are well known.

"While we would all like to know what caused it," writes the late McD. Johnstone, "we have not gotten, nor are we likely to get, beyond conjecture. Whether it was washed out by the streams, or ground out by the ice mills of the glacial period, or whether its bottom fell out, and where it fell to, and what caused the hole the bottom fell into, are all points that have been carefully discussed, but never settled."

Professor Whitney's Theory

The late Prof. J. D. Whitney, about thirty years ago, said: "We conceive that, during the process of upheaval of the Sierra, or possibly at some time after that had taken place, there was at the Yosemite a subsidence of a limited area, marked by lines of 'fault' or fissure crossing each other at somewhat right angles. In other and more simple language, the bottom of the Valley sank down to unknown depth, owing to its support being withdrawn from underneath, during one of those convulsive movements which must have attended the upheaval of so extensive and elevated a chain. By the adoption of this theory for its formation, we are able to get over one difficulty which appears insurmountable to any other, and that is the small amount of debris at the base of the cliffs, and even, at a few points, its entire absence."

In support of his theory, Professor Whitney says: "It is sufficient to look for a moment at the vertical faces of El Capitan and the Bridal Veil Rock turned down the Valley, or away from the direction in which the eroding forces must have acted, to be able to say that aqueous erosion could not have been the agent employed to do any such work. Much less can it be supposed that the peculiar form of the Yosemite is due to the erosive action of ice. Besides, there is no reason to suppose, or at least no proof, that glaciers have ever occupied the Valley or any portion of it." In this statement Professor Whitney can not be borne out by the evidence of glaciers now to be seen in various parts of the Yosemite. His observations

were made many years ago, before much was known upon the subject locally. John Muir, the late Prof. Joseph Le Conte, and very many others, declare positively that glaciers were in the Yosemite, and that the most convincing evidences of the same can be found now in various parts of the same. Upon many places of the perpendicular walls can be seen, with a glass, the glacial polish. Just beyond the top of the Nevada Fall you will find many patches of the same, with well-defined scoring, still in an almost perfect condition. Ask the guides to show you these still living evidences of what the ice-power did here thirty or more thousand years ago.

The Polish of the Glacier

A few feet above the iron railing at the top of Vernal Fall you can find a round piece of hard rock imbedded in the solid granite. On the face of this stump-like formation can be seen the polish of the glacier. The surrounding granite being softer, it has been worn down nearly six inches below the polished and flinty rock.

Five Great Glaciers

That prince of descriptive writers, John Muir, of Martinez, this state, believes that at one time in the past five great glaciers plowed their way into the gorge of the Yosemite. These were the Merced River, the Illiouette, the Tenaya Creek (in which is Mirror Lake), the Yosemite Creek, and the Bridal Veil Creek. These, however, were there in their individual life during the latter years of the glacial period. Prior to that the Yosemite "was completely overwhelmed with glaciers, and they did not come down the main valley by the narrow, angular, tortuous canyons of the Tenaya, Nevada, or South Canyons, but they flowed grandly and directly above all of its highest domes." Mr. Muir thinks that the vast body of ice was at least a mile above the top of the Half Dome. It is claimed that upon the summit of the latter can yet be found evidences of the glaciers. "Glaciers," continues Mr. Muir, "have made every mountain form of this whole region; even the summit mountains are only fragments of their pre-glacial selves."

The Late Professor Le Conte's Views

The late Professor Le Conte, of the University of California, whose works on geology are a standard the world

over, and who passed away here during June, 1901, had spent very many seasons here. He said that during the glacial period a great glacier covered the Valley to a height of over a mile. The constant grinding action of this immense weight and force, continuing for thousands of years, and the action of water and the elements since the glacial period, have been the causes that have brought about this wonderful place. "Give us time enough," said Mr. Le Conte, "and we can bring about the conditions now existing in Yosemite. To the geologist, a thousand years is but a small part of a second of time."

All of these evidences clearly show us that the late Professor Whitney was mistaken when he said that there were no evidences of glacial action in the Yosemite.



Taber, Photo., S. F.

AT THE RANCHERIA, NEAR YOSEMITE FALLS.

HOW TO DO YOSEMITE

Suggestions as to Trips

A visit to Yosemite that does not include a trip to the top of Yosemite Falls and Eagle Peak, on the northern wall, and Glacier Point, including the Vernal and the Nevada Falls, is like visiting Rome and not seeing St. Peter's. Where a visitor is limited to one or two days, such circumstances may deter him from making the Yosemite Falls trip; for if he can not do that and the Glacier Point trip, too, why, take the latter. Both are wonderful, but if it becomes a choice of two rival points of interest, why, we will have to select that which will give you the very best results, and that is Glacier Point. The two views are entirely distinct, but if we have to omit one, let it be the Eagle Peak trip.

The ordinary tourist spends at least four days here, and on that basis these suggestions are made. They also apply to camping parties, with this exception, that the average camping party remains about ten days, and so they can rest at least one day between trips.

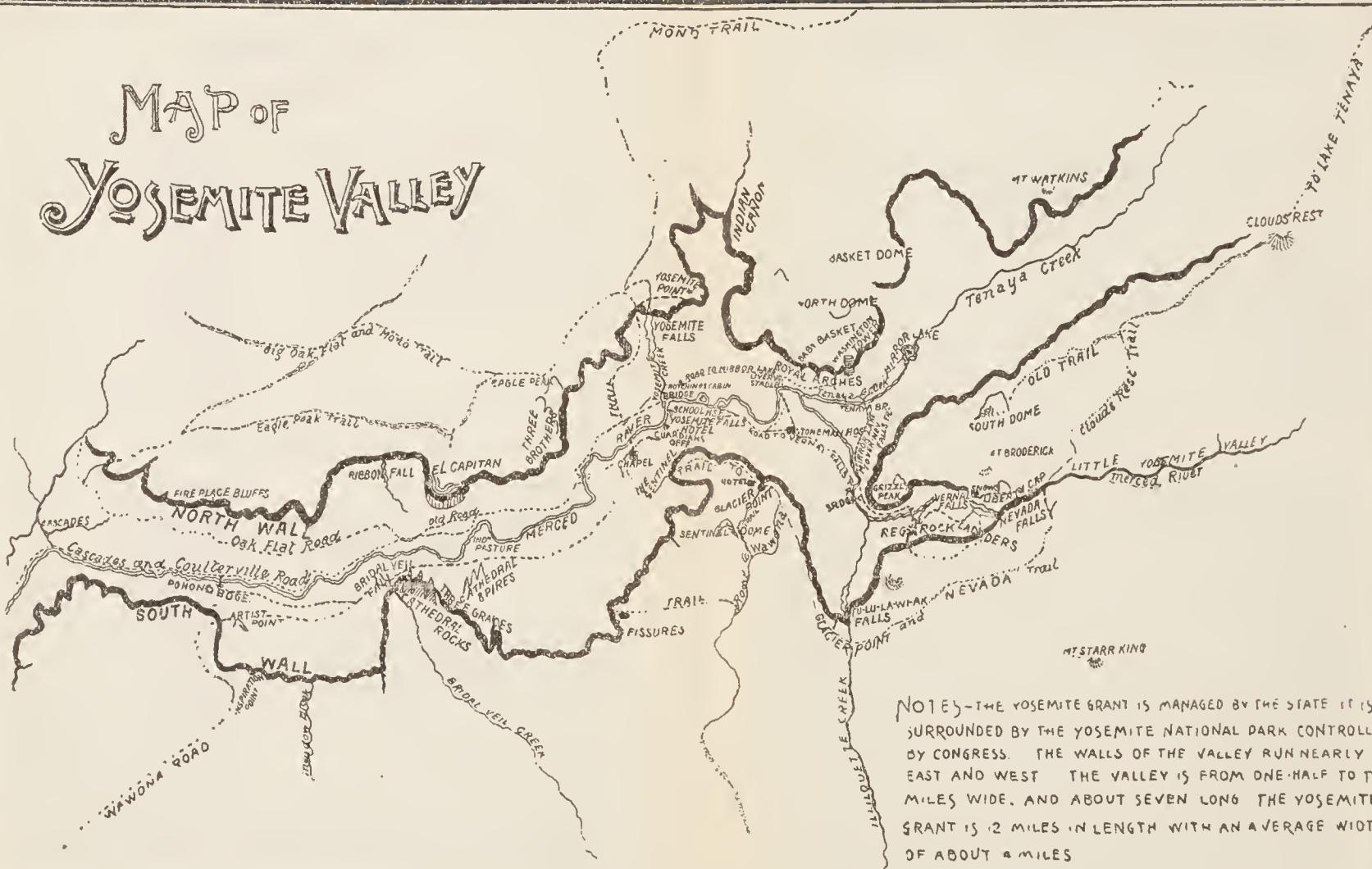
The Raymond stages arrive here at noon, and during the afternoon the tourists who have just arrived would do well to take the "round trip" on the floor of the Valley. This means a drive to the foot of the Yosemite Falls, then down the Valley on the north side, passing close to the wall of El Capitan, and then down to the beautiful Cascades, on the Merced-Santa Fe route. Upon the return trip, the Pohono bridge, about a mile below the Bridal Veil Fall, is crossed, and the Fall is again visited at a time (about 4:30) when the beautiful and most wonderful and gorgeous rainbows are at their best. This trip is always an enjoyable one. Your first view from Inspiration Point was a general one, but this gives you more time and a chance to study individual points of great interest. Camping parties frequently make a full day's trip of this, going down in the morning and returning *via* Bridal Veil in the evening. Trout fishing is good at the Cascades—if you know how to catch them.

Yosemite Falls and Eagle Peak should be taken the second day.

The third day should include Mirror Lake, for which you leave the hotel between seven and eight, then on to the matchless wonders, the Vernal and the Nevada Falls.

MAP OF YOSEMITE VALLEY

LOWER END OF VALLEY



NOTE.—THE YOSEMITE GRANT IS MANAGED BY THE STATE. IT IS SURROUNDED BY THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK CONTROLLED BY CONGRESS. THE WALLS OF THE VALLEY RUN NEARLY EAST AND WEST. THE VALLEY IS FROM ONE-HALF TO TWO MILES WIDE, AND ABOUT SEVEN LONG. THE YOSEMITE GRANT IS 12 MILES IN LENGTH WITH AN AVERAGE WIDTH OF ABOUT 4 MILES.

MAP OF YOSEMITE VALLEY

Distances from the "Tourist" Studio-Office to Points of Interest in and About the Yosemite Carriage Drives

Mirror Lake	3	miles
Mirror Lake (round trip)	7	miles
Foot of Lower Yosemite Fall	$\frac{3}{4}$	mile
El Capitan Bridge	3	miles
Bridal Veil Fall	4	miles
Pohono Bridge	5	miles
Cascades	8	miles
Happy Isles	$2\frac{1}{2}$	miles

Trail Trips

Foot of Upper Yosemite Fall	$2\frac{3}{4}$	miles
Top of Upper Yosemite Fall	$4\frac{1}{4}$	miles
Yosemite Point	5	miles
Eagle Peak	7	miles
Top of Vernal Fall	5	miles
Top of Nevada Fall	6	miles
Little Yosemite	8	miles
Clouds' Rest	11	miles
Glacier Point	$4\frac{1}{2}$	miles
Sentinel Dome	$5\frac{1}{2}$	miles
Round Trip (Vernal and Nevada Falls, Glacier Point, and Sentinel Dome)	19	miles
Glacier Point, via Vernal and Nevada Falls	$14\frac{1}{2}$	miles
The distance from Glacier Point to Inspiration Point via the Dewey Trail is	12	miles
The distance from the hotel to the foot of the Vernal and Nevada Fall trail is	$2\frac{1}{2}$	miles
The distance from the hotel to the foot of the Glacier Point trail is	1	mile
The distance from the hotel to the foot of the Eagle Peak trail.	$1\frac{1}{4}$	miles

Table of Altitudes

WATERFALLS

INDIAN NAME AND MEANING.	AMERICAN NAME.	
Po-ho-no, "Spirit of the Evil Wind"	Bridal Veil	940 feet
	Perpendicular descent of same.	600 feet
Loya, "The Sentinel"	The Sentinel	3,270 feet
Illiloutte, "Rushing Water"	South Fork	500 feet
Pi-wa-ack, "Cataract of Diamonds"	Vernal	350 feet
Yo-wi-ye, "Meandering"	Nevada	605 feet
To-coy-ae, "Shade to Indian Basket"	Royal Arch	2,000 feet
Yosemite, "Large Grizzly Bear"	Yosemite,	
	Upper Fall	1,600 feet
	Middle Fall	600 feet
	Lower Fall	400 feet
	Total	2,600 feet
Lung-oo-too-koo-ya, "Pigeon Fall"	Ribbon (also Virgin's Tears)	3,300 feet

POINTS, PEAKS, AND DOMES

Wah-wah-le-na	Three Graces . . .	3,400 feet
	Cathedral Rock . . .	2,660 feet
Po-see-nah Chuk-ka, "Large Acorn Cache."	Cathedral Spires.	
(One is 2,579 feet, the other 2,678 feet above the Valley.)		
	(Height of Spires above rock is 700 feet.)	
Loya, "The Sentinel"	Sentinel Rock . . .	3,100 feet
	Sentinel Dome . . .	4,125 feet
	Glacier Point . . .	3,250 feet
	Mt. Starr King . . .	5,100 feet
Mah-ta, "Martyr Mountain"	Cap of Liberty . . .	2,000 feet
Tis-sa-ack, "Goddess of the Valley"	Half Dome	5,000 feet
(The front or vertical part of the Dome is 2,000 feet.)		
To-coy-ae, "Shade to Indian Basket"	North Dome	3,725 feet
Pom-pom-pa-sus, "Falling Rocks"	Three Brothers . . .	3,830 feet
	Eagle Peak	3,900 feet
Tu-tock-a-nu-la, "Great Chief of the Valley."	El Capitan	3,300 feet
	Inspiration Point . .	1,200 feet
Hunto, "The Watching Eye"	Round Tower	2,400 feet
	Clouds' Rest	6,000 feet
	Yosemite Point . . .	3,220 feet

Notes.—The foot of the Nevada Fall is 1,366 feet above the Valley floor. Union Point is 2,350 feet above Merced River. The foot of the Upper Yosemite Falls is 1,114 feet above the Valley. All of the above figures are compiled from the reports of the late Professor Whitney and Lieutenant Wheeler.

Photo by D. J. Foley.

OFF FOR THE TRAILS AT EARLY MORN.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.



On the fourth day you are well prepared for the climax of all Yosemite views,—Glacier Point and its galaxy of wonders. This trip also includes Sentinel Dome, above Glacier Point.

For tourists arriving in the evening *via* either Oak Flat or Merced-Santa Fe routes, the following suggestions are made:—

First day: Yosemite Falls and Eagle Peak.

Second day: Mirror Lake in the morning, and Cascades or Inspiration Point in the afternoon.

Third day: The Vernal and the Nevada Falls, and then on to Glacier Point, and back to the Valley. If you have the extra day, it would be well to divide the last trip into two days.

Those desiring to visit Clouds' Rest can visit the Vernal and the Nevada Falls on the same trip. If you have the time, it may well pay you to make the Clouds' Rest a trip of itself.

Other Trips, Too

Besides these suggested trips, there is the Dewey Trail and the Sierra Point trips. The latter, however, can hardly be called a regular trip, from the fact that there is no trail to its summit. It is well worth the time for those who are making an extensive visit here.

All these various trips are fully described elsewhere in this book, and we would advise you to carry this with you, and to frequently refer to same while making the different trips.

These suggestions will give you the very best results for the time you have to spend here. If your time here is ten days or more, you can arrange your trips to suit your own pleasure and comfort. These suggestions are for the visitor who is not so fortunate.

The round-trip distances to these various points from the Sentinel Hotel are: Top of Yosemite Falls, 8½ miles; Eagle Peak, 14 miles; top of Nevada Fall, 12 miles; Clouds' Rest, 22 miles; Glacier Point, 9 miles; Sentinel Dome (which includes Glacier Point), 11 miles; Dewey Trail (*via* Glacier Point), 25 miles; round trip, *via* Vernal and Nevada Falls, Glacier Point, and then back to the Valley floor *via* short trail, which reaches the Valley floor at the Chapel, 16 miles; but if you include the Sentinel Dome, too, add 3 more miles to this trip. For more distance data, get one of our distance cards at this office and studio.

If in doubt concerning these various trips, consult Mr. Geo. W. Kenney, the manager of the Saddle Train Co.,

who is usually at the hotel every afternoon and evening. Camping parties, if in doubt, too, will be given full information by calling on either Mr. Kenney, Guardian Stevens, or at the "Tourist" office and studio.

Trips to the High Sierras

Commencing about the 1st of July Messrs. Coffman & Kenney will make a specialty of personally conducting parties to points in the High Sierras, such as Lake Tenaya, Soda Springs, sunmits of Mts. Conness, Dana, and others in that section, as well as to the Mt. Lyell Glacier, the latter being the source of the Merced River. They will also take parties to the other Yosemite, the Hetch Hetchy Valley. For parties of four or more they will furnish saddle, pack-horses, and guide for \$1 per day each, the parties furnishing their own blankets and provisions. No doubt but they can also arrange for the latter. These High Sierran trips should become popular and quite a feature of the Yosemite visit. From five to seven days should be taken for a complete trip. This does not include the Hetch Hetchy, which can be done in about four days.

WATERFALLS OF YOSEMITE

The falls of the Yosemite! Who can describe them—from the downpouring flood of foaming, roaring water, as it flows over the lofty cliffs and hanging in midair an icy cataract, to the late summer thread of silver spray gently creeping down the water-stained cliffs in ribbons of gleaming light, or shooting into space like silver meteors? The man is yet unborn that can convey to you any idea of their grandeur and wonder. This is a case where the thing must be seen.

"Much has been written about," says John P. Irish, former secretary of the Board of Yosemite Commissioners, "without accounting for the individuality of the four great waterfalls of the Valley,—Bridal Veil, Yosemite, Vernal, and Nevada. In each the snow-white water takes on a different form as it falls. The Bridal Veil is lace-like; the Yosemite has the appearance of rockets, plunging downward; Vernal Fall is a broad white sheet of tapestry, and Nevada a great pouring of snow."

There are many little waterfalls, fed by the melting snow of the higher mountains, that usually go dry as the season advances. In some years the Yosemite Falls almost disappear, late in the year. But the Bridal Veil, the Vernal, and the Nevada, are always interesting, and they alone will well repay one for his trip.

The principal Falls, in the order in which they are generally seen, are: Bridal Veil, Ribbon, Sentinel, Yosemite, Royal Arch, Illilouette, Vernal, Nevada, and Cascade.

The Bridal Veil

This is the first Fall the visitor sees as he enters the Valley. It is at the southern end, and shoots over its side. It has a width of about 30 feet at the top, and falls a distance of 600 feet. The breeze that generally blows here adds much to its beauty. It catches the stream below its brink and sways it to and fro, forming long, sweeping, graceful motions, of which the eye never wearies nor the mind tires. You must visit this Fall in the afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock, and view the grandest rainbow scene on earth. Visitors who visit the Pohono Bridge or Cascades go down on the north side of the Valley and return on the south side in time for the afternoon rainbows. Do not miss them.

"But it was the Bridal Veil Fall that threw a spell around me that almost made me forget to go on," writes P. L. Stanton, a visitor of '93. "It was about 4 P. M., and a rainbow as pretty as heaven could make it, with a tremor which made it seem to be broken into a thousand pieces that played hide-and-seek with each other amid the trees and flowers, hung gracefully in the midst of the soft, snow-like spray. As I gazed and laughed in delight, I could but exclaim, 'Surely, surely this is the prettiest thing God has given to this earth.'"

Pohono, or the Bridal Veil Fall, was known to the Indians as the "Spirit of the Evil Wind." "The dark and almost sunless cavern into which these waters fall, the misty breeze that plays eternally about the foot of the Falls and twists this great veil into a thousand fantastic forms, the hollow roar and dash of the waters, have rendered this region an uncanny place with the Indians. They have peopled its weird fern crannies and swirling spray chambers with creatures that play sad havoc in the tumbling moonlight mist, or chase the rainbow's fleeting form about the caldron's edge. The natives give this region a wide berth, lest they should be brought under the blight-



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDAL VEIL FALL, 600 FEET.

ing spell of Pohono." So wrote the late E. McD. Johnstone.

As two heights of the Bridal Veil Fall are given in this work, we take pleasure in quoting the late Prof. J. D. Whitney upon this point. Says he: "The water is finally precipitated over the cliffs in one leap of 600 feet perpendicular. The water then strikes upon a sloping pile of debris, down which it rushes in a series of cascades for a perpendicular distance of 300 feet more. The effect is that of being really 900 feet in vertical height."

The Ribbon Fall

Is on the northern side of the Valley, but a little higher up than the Bridal Veil. A good view of it can be had from the stage road, as one comes into the Valley. It has an almost vertical descent of about 2,000 feet, and then makes a further bounding descent of more than a thousand feet. In the early part of the season the Ribbon is at its best; as the season advances, however, the flow becomes low, and finally almost entirely disappears.

The Sentinel Fall

This is one of the many Falls fed by the melting snows, and it generally disappears in the month of July. It is close to the Sentinel, from which it takes its name.

The Yosemite Falls

These world-famed waterfalls leap over the northern wall of Yosemite, about one-third of a mile back from the Valley floor. There are three distinct divisions,—the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower. The Upper has a descent of 1,600 feet. It is about 35 feet wide at its upper edge. The middle Fall is a series of cascades, with a total descent of 600 feet. The lower Fall is a straight plunge of about 400 feet. This Fall gets very low late in the season, at which time it is possible to go behind the Upper Fall, where one can sit with safety and see the water shoot past. In the early part of the season the mighty roaring of the Yosemite can be heard all over the Valley, and windows in buildings a mile away are shaken by it.

To go to the top of Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Point, and Eagle Peak, you follow the road down the Valley for about a half mile below the Yosemite Creek bridge, near the foot of the Fall, and you will find a sign-board which reads: "To Eagle Peak and Yosemite Falls." The sign



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

YOSEMITIE FALLS, 2,600 FEET.

should read, "To top of Yosemite Falls and Eagle Peak." for this is what is before you. To those who do not know, they might think that Eagle Peak came first, which is not the case. When you reach the top of the canyon, which is three miles from the foot of the trail,—three long ones, too—you will come to where the trail forks. The one to the left takes you on to Eagle Peak, which is about three miles further on, but quite level, while the trail to the right will take you to the top of the Fall, and also over to the top of Yosemite Point. The latter is about 500 feet higher than the top of the Fall.

In going up, you will find yourself practically ascending a grand stairway. It leads you into that awful, narrow gorge, but the trail is a good one. We now quote from C. W. Kyle, whose word-painting of these Falls is the best we have ever seen:—

"As you approach the foot of the Upper Fall, the clouds of mist lie over, and, in falling, bedew your way. One moment the Falls are in full view, the next you pass behind some great boulder, a grove of manzanita, water oaks, or pines, and the glistening column is, for the moment, lost to view; but the ear is ever noting the constant though ever-changing music, which rolls and echoes, rising and falling, thundering and sobbing through the rocky shrub-clad aisles and cozy amphitheaters of the gorge. You reach the small table or ledge which forms the base of the Upper Falls. The roar and thunder of the river as it strikes for the first time, in its fall of 1,600 feet, is deafening. Looking up, your eye follows the white mist-wrapped Falls to the point where they seemingly leap out of the blue sky. The sensations awakened are strange and bewildering. Your environments are new, and the reflection, caught by your innermost nature, introduces yourself to a seeming stranger, so peculiar are the ruling emotions. About you, circling within a span of your knees and at regular spacings, appear, as your focus of vision changes, in regular order, a multitude of rainbows of the most gorgeous hues, the smallest arching brilliant, but some two or three feet from point to point, while the largest, viewed from some distance above, from a point on the trail which ascends in spiral steeps to the left of the Falls, is some 500 yards in span.

View from the Iron Railing

"You travel up to the crest of the great mountain wall, and approach along the bed of the foaming river, to the point of its tremendous plunge to its creation of supernal

beauty below. You summon all of courage at your command, and, with cautious movements, crawl along the granite boulders to the iron railing until you can look over into the awful chasm, 2,600 feet below. Beside you this mill-race of the gods is rushing in all the rage of its tremendous power, here and there; striking upon some boulder, which projecting is held firmly in the vice-like grip of the mountain's power, the waters are broken into diamond columns or bejeweled fountains of surpassing brilliancy and beauty. Look again: Down, down, down, the glittering river with perian whiteness pours, and from your dizzying height the distance seems interminable. Sublime and majestic in its awful grandeur it appears. Shudderingly you draw back from the scene which seems to take hold of you with the terrible fascination of its power. The view was worth the risk. The impression is indelible."

If you are fortunate enough to be in Yosemite while the moon is shining, do not neglect seeing the Yosemite Falls by moonlight. It is a pleasant evening stroll from the hotel or camping grounds.

The Yosemitte Falls by moonlight is a scene no artist dare attempt to paint, no pen to describe. "As the night queen rides out, and a faint bar of light spans the chasm of the domes, upheld by shadows almost a mile high, she touches gently the great Falls of the Upper Yosemite, transforming the falling crystals into meteors of burnished silver, which the night wind whirls in wild fantastic wreaths against the frowning cliffs."

There are four lookouts on the trail, with iron railings, to the top of the Falls and Yosemite Point. They are at Columbia Rock, Valley View Point, at the top of the Falls, where the water makes its awful plunge, and at Yosemite Point.

"The irregularity of the wall at this point has been formed by water erosion. The time was, no doubt, when these waters made a clean, grand leap of 2,600 feet sheer into the Valley. It is not so difficult a matter to give a fair description of the physical features of this, the highest waterfall in the world, but it is utterly impossible to convey to another the sensations produced upon the mind when standing for the first time within the sound of its awful roar. The Yosemite trail must be climbed if you expect to arrive at anywhere near an adequate conception of the impressiveness of 1,600 feet of falling water.

"Sometimes the wind, when it comes sweeping up from the Valley, catches this downpouring torrent, unbraiding its tresses, twirling it into vapory fragments against the

cliffs, and almost blowing it back into the sky from whence it seems to come."

The Royal Arch Fall

This pretty Fall is on the same side of the Valley as the Yosemite, about two miles farther up. It is a small stream fed by melting snow around the North Dome, and disappears early in summer. It is about 2,000 feet high, and takes its name from the Royal Arches that are formed in the wall of the Valley at this point. Climb up to the base of the Fall, and you will find a large natural bowl or basin. The rippling music of this Fall lulls the tired camper to sleep, for here are the great camping-grounds of the Valley.

Along the Vernal-Nevada Falls Trail

One day's sightseeing can well be put in visiting the Vernal and the Nevada Falls, and the various points of interest en route that can be seen from the trail. This trail not only goes to the two falls, but it also leads on to Little Yosemite and Clouds' Rest, as well as to the heights of Glacier Point. These points are fully described in the latter part of the article on Nevada Falls. Now, unless you are limited to two days, do not attempt, in one day, to do more than go to the top of the Nevada Falls. This advice especially refers to camping parties, whose time is not so limited as are the regular tourists. Even the latter would do well to heed this advice. It would be much better to go over the ground a second time rather than to attempt to go to the Falls and Clouds' Rest, or the "round trip," via Glacier Point, in one day. Of course, there are exceptions to this, and if you are very much limited in time, and can take but two trips above the floor of the Valley, then we would say, take the Yosemite Falls first, and then the "round trip." If you are limited to one day, the latter trip would give you the best results; for it would not only give you these two Falls, but also the wonderful view from Glacier Point.

Mirror Lake and the Hitching Rail

In making this trip, we assume that you have first visited Mirror Lake. This you must do in the morning, and you should be there about 7:30, and remain until



Photo by Taber, S. F.

UP THE ZIGZAGS, NEAR NEVADA FALL.

the sun shines all over the lake. This time varies. If at the hotel, or either of the camps, you will be told as to the proper time to get there. Upon your return from the lake, follow the left-hand road across the creek, and on for about a mile. This will bring you to the trail leading to the Vernal Falls. A sign-board will indicate the spot. If you have a team, cross the bridge and leave it at the hitching rail noted above. If you do not come via Mirror Lake, and are from some point below or near the guardian's office, follow the main right-hand road on the south side, via Camp Curry, and this also will bring you to the hitching rail.

The Happy Isles and Power-House Are Here

About 500 feet to the right of the hitching rail, you cross one of the branches of the Merced, on a log, and you are then on one of the Happy Isles. On some later trip, by all means spend a few hours in this enchanting spot. Here, too, is located the power-house of the Yosemite electric-light plant. This is state property, managed by the Yosemite Valley Commissioners.

Sierra Point Near, Too

This interesting view-point is within a short distance of here, and we would suggest that here, too, you can profitably spend a part of a day. There is not very much of a trail to it as yet, but a way has been "blazed" from near the water-trough on the Vernal Falls trail, but a short distance from its starting-point. Once you find the commencement of the trail, the "blazes" and "monuments" will lead you safely to the iron railing on the point. The latter is about 1,000 feet above the trail, which can be plainly seen below you. From the top of Sierra Point, you can see four of Yosemite's waterfalls,—the Yosemite, the Illilouette, the Vernal, and the Nevada. The ascent is short and steep, but the view is worth it all.

Off for the Falls

With these necessary introductions to points that are well worth another trip, we now proceed on our journey to the Vernal and the Nevada Falls. It is now about two miles to the foot of the Vernal, and along that trail will come a succession of views that have no parallel on earth. As we pass around Point Rea, we suddenly behold off to the right the

Illilouette Fall

It is a hard and rugged climb up to its base, and one rarely attempted. However, you get many good views from the trail from which you now see it, and should



Photo by Fiske, Yosemite.

IN MIDWINTER, YOSEMITE.

you at any time make the "round trip" to Glacier Point, that is, the trip *via* the Point, and then around to the Nevada and Vernal Falls, or *via* the Vernal and Nevada Falls, and then to the Point, and down to the floor of the Valley, you would in either case view this beautiful

and interesting fall from near its top. This fall is about 500 feet high, with a series of wild and rushing cascades below.

Surprise after surprise, enchantment after enchantment, greet you as you make the last ascent along the flank of Grizzly Peak, before crossing the river again, of the rugged Anderson trail. The great wall on the opposite side of the Merced is called Panorama Wall. It rises 4,000 feet above the river; its sides are almost perpendicular, and it is the highest and most continuous wall of the Yosemite. Should you make the "round trip" to Glacier Point, your trail will carry you some distance back of the edge of this perfect rock-wall. Now you make a slight descent, and you are at the bridge. Intuitively you look up the boulder-bedecked, roaring Merced, and in the distance, about half a mile above, you catch the first glimpse of the ever-wonderful and beautiful

Vernal Fall

Well has the Vernal been named the "Cataract of Diamonds." From your point of view it seems to plunge into the bowels of the earth, and then to return in the form of fiery spray and smoke. Enchanting and awe-inspiring is this view, and we leave it with reluctance. However, within a short time we shall have a closer acquaintance with this peerless Fall. Once more we continue on our way, and in a few minutes we come to a great overhanging rock and an old cabin. The latter when tolls were charged upon this trail, was the toll-house. The trails are now owned by the state. In early days visitors painted their names on the face of this great boulder, hence it has been well named

Register Rock

Here the trail forks. The right-hand one is the horse trail, and it enables you to reach the top of the Vernal, via

Clark's Point

From the rock balustrade of the latter you look down upon the Vernal. The view is one to make you shudder, and you quickly continue on your way.

The left-hand trail at Register Rock is a foot-path. In a few minutes it brings us to

Lady Franklin Rock

so named because that distinguished lady visited the Yosemite in 1859, and being very feeble at the time, was carried up to this rock by the guides on a chair, and from here she viewed the Fall. You continue on up the



Photo by D. J. Foley "Tourist" Studio, Yosemite
VERNAL FALL, 350 FEET.

trail into the swirling mist of the Fall, and then on up to the foot of the

Granite Stairway

This is close to the famous ladders of other days, which are still there. From the second bench on these ladders, in the early '60's, a gentleman, then proprietor of a well-

known restaurant in San Francisco, fell into the gorge below, and was fatally injured. At that time there was not any railing there, and so, stepping aside to allow some ladies to pass, he lost his balance, and, as noted above, fell into the gorge. The distance was not great, less than a hundred feet. This is the only fatal accident that has ever happened on the trails of the Yosemite. But we are digressing, and so must ascend the granite stairway to the top of Vernal Fall.

When a party is accompanied by a guide, he will, if requested, take the horses around on the trail, and the visitors may ascend the ladders and be joined by the guide and horses a short distance from the head of the Fall. Some make the passage of the Stairway when returning to the Valley, as it is much easier than the upward climb. In the early part of the season there is considerable spray between the foot of the Fall and the Stairway, and an overcoat or waterproof garments will not be out of place. If those garments are not at hand, do not hesitate about the trip; it is one you will never forget.

From the Top of the Vernal

On the top of the Fall, and overlooking the wild, weird scene below, the rugged canyon of the Merced, is an iron railing. It permits of your leaning over the mighty abyss. The river here is about 80 feet wide, and its granite bottom is as smooth as glass. Over this perfectly square-cut mass of granite the Merced starts upon its awful plunge, gently at first, like a beautiful piece of embroidery, carried downward by the gentle breezes of the early morn. But it soon increases its pace, and dashes upon the rocks 350 feet below with twice the force of the waters of Niagara. Says Dr. Peck: "This beautiful Fall of water the Indians poetically named 'The Cataract of Diamonds.' Here the Merced River breaks over a sharp, straight ledge 80 feet wide, and leaps vertically down 350 feet; 'a sheet of water of sparkling brightness and of almost snowy whiteness, that is shattered into millions of scintillating crystals, that sparkle and flash like a cataract of diamonds: and then out of the billions of spray below are formed dazzling rambows that arch the boiling abyss with halos of glory. Here one is profoundly impressed with the feeling of infinite familiar at Niagara. Smaller than that international wonder, yet the Vernal Fall being twice as high and the glistening whiteness and diamond brilliancy of the cataract so su-



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite

NEVADA FALL, FRONT, 605 FEET.

perior its beauty will never be eclipsed by the grandeur of the other.'"

She Was Enthused

In "Yosemite as I Saw It," by Dr. Cora A. Morse, of San Francisco, we find the following: "Leaning over nature's massive (rock) balustrade, a look downward is appalling. The heart sinks, the knees quiver, but the look repays. Lying there on the carpet of green, hundreds of feet below us, is a rainbow, true in color as any that ever arched the dome above."

The "hundreds of feet" noted by the doctor is only about 350; but she was naturally very much enthused, and so this little matter can well be overlooked.

A few feet back from the iron railing you will notice a small stump of hard, black rock, protruding out of the granite. It is about six inches higher than the surrounding granite, and on its face can yet be found the glacial polish of 32,000 years ago. This will give you some idea of how slowly the river bed is wearing away at this point.

Immediately above the top of the fall the river expands and opens into the

Emerald Pool

When the river is fairly low (latter part of July) there is good trout fishing in this beautiful pool of water. Above the Pool we come to the

Silver Apron

where the river bed is one wide, smoothly-polished granite floor, sharply descending, and over this the river flees with the speed of the swiftest limited express, sixty miles an hour. Even during flood times the water is but a few inches in depth. Step not into it, or your friends will "drag" for you in the emerald depths of the Pool below you. We are now en route to the

Nevada Fall

and soon cross the river on the bridge. The river beneath you, rushing, roaring, and flying swiftly by, is called the

Diamond Cascade

You can readily understand why it is so called.

We are now at the foot of the Nevada Fall, which is nearly a mile above the Vernal. Here was formerly the Casa Nevada (Snow's), which was accidentally destroyed by fire during the season of last year. It had not been used as a hotel for nearly ten years. Those who have visited this Fall before will note its absence with many regrets.

To the left of the Fall majestically rises that unique and well-named pile of granite,

Liberty Cap

to a height of nearly 2,000 feet above the pool at its base. Its summit is accessible from the opposite side, and the view of the Fall a most magnificent one. It is a rather difficult but not a dangerous climb, and has been made by many.

Up the Zigzags

You now ascend the "zigzags" up the gorge to the left of the Fall. About half way up you will get a most magnificent side view of the latter. If you have a camera, here is where you can get a good picture. The ideal time to "snap" this is about the noon hour. Then there are deep shadows on the side of the Fall. You now continue up the trail, and you will soon come to the "forks of the trail," so to speak. These are only about three-quarters of a mile from the foot of the Fall. Now note that the left trail goes on to the

Little Yosemite and Clouds' Rest

while the right one leads over to the top of the Fall, from where it continues on to Glacier Point, distant about four miles, while the distance to Clouds' Rest is about six miles.

At the top of the Fall you will find an iron railing, and from its rails you can well appreciate the following pen pictures from two visitors. The first is from the pen of the late Dr. Peck, a gentleman well known in the east, a brother of Bishop Peck.

"The whole of the Merced River," he wrote in '92, "here plunges down 605 feet, with reverberating and mighty billows of mist and arching rainbows. Professor Whitney says this is one of the grandest waterfalls in the world. But one of the most singular and fascinating aspects of this Fall, not mentioned in any guide-book I have ever



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

PROFILE OF NEVADA FALL, 605 FEET.

seen, was first noticed and its beauty remarked upon by my wife, and that is the water rockets that shoot slowly and gracefully downward and burst into showers of spray-stars and foaming splendor, more beautiful, if not so dazzling, than the fiery rockets that are nearly every evening shot into space from the heights of Glacier Point."

"Impatient to look down from the top of Nevada," writes P. L. Stanton, of Santa Barbara, "I hurried up the path which winds around a wonderful dome called the Cap of Liberty. It was nearly noon when I leaned against the iron railing and gazed down on a scene that made me say, without the least mental reservation, 'Here is a combination of beauty and grandeur that must be unequaled the world over.' Here the Merced River leaps joyfully down to a depth of over 600 feet. About two-thirds of the way down much of it breaks on a mighty boulder, only to give perfection to the scene. Niagara is grand, and its majesty inspires awe, but the best picture it can give pales before the view that now charms and moves my soul, as no earthly scene ever did. As the waters, clear as crystal and as white as snow, leap into the quivering, noonday rainbow hundreds of feet below, breaking into millions of sparkling gems, and then into soft, snowy spray, I looked with ecstasy upon the scene. I trembled with emotion; I wept in utter abandon. I left the scene with emotions never to be described."

Glacial Evidence Here

About 200 feet above the top of the Fall, on the north side of the river, you will find many "patches" of the glacial polish and scoring. Carefully examine these, for they are interesting, and fully disprove Professor Whitney's assertion that there are no evidences of glacial action in the Yosemite.

Fish in the Little Yosemite

As the Little Yosemite really commences here and extends up the river for about six miles, we digress a moment to tell you that the fish commissioners of this state have fully stocked the river here with eastern brook, Lake Tahoe, and other varieties of trout. Prior to their stocking this stream there were no fish above this Fall.

The Cascade Fall

This Fall is about eight miles from the guardian's office, on the Merced-Santa Fe route. It is at the extreme

lower end of the Valley, and is about 600 feet in its descent. Those timid people, or individuals who do not feel able to climb to the higher points, should not neglect visiting the Cascades of the Merced and the Fall. There are many interesting points along the way. You drive to the foot of the Lower Yosemite Falls, and you pass almost by the base of El Capitan. You will find the route a grandly picturesque one. If a camper, or if you can spare the time, take a day to the trip. On the return trip cross the Pohono Bridge, and visit the Bridal Veil Fall in time for the afternoon rainbows. You should be there at about 5 o'clock.

The "Tourist" Studio and Office

The "Tourist" Studio and office, from which this work is published, is located next to the guardian's office. There is much of interest here for the visitors. In one of the rear rooms is a fully-equipped little printing-office, from which is issued the Yosemite "Tourist" nearly every day during the season of travel. E. E. Foley is our assistant on the "Tourist." Back of this room are the dark rooms of the studio. Here are made the beautiful platinums and carbons to be seen in the studio in the front part of the building. Here, too, we do all our developing and printing for the visitors. Possibly it were a little bit of egotism for us to say that in the studio you can see some of the finest photographs of the Yosemite and big trees ever exhibited here.

Carbon and cheaper pictures, developing and printing at city rates
at the "Tourist" Studio.



POINTS, PEAKS, AND DOMES OF THE YOSEMITE

The points, peaks, and domes of the Yosemite are immense, awe-inspiring, sublime. What glories of rock-building here greet the eye! Take the first view of the Valley from any of the roads: On the left stands the grim, massive lion, El Capitan, a corner-stone to set a world upon, while to the right is the Leaning Tower, Cathedral Rocks, and the spire-peaks of the Spires. Away in the distance is the great Half Dome, flanked by Clouds' Rest, the whole penetrating a background of Alpine sublimity it were useless to attempt to describe. As you first enter the Yosemite you will pass on your left El Capitan, the Three Brothers, the largest of which is Eagle Peak, Yosemite Point, Indian Canyon, the Royal Arches, Washington Tower or Column, and the North Dome. On the right or southern side are Inspiration Point, Artists' Point, Leaning Tower, Cathedral Rocks, Cathedral Spires, the Sentinel, Union Point, and Glacier Point. At the eastern end of the Valley are Grizzly Peak and the Half Dome, while in the distance are Clouds' Rest and Mt. Watkins.

The Yosemite from Inspiration Point

From Inspiration Point, on the Raymond-Wawona route, the visitors get their first view of the wonders of Yosemite. In other years this was known as the Mariposa road. This point is about 1,500 feet above the floor of the Valley. Old Inspiration Point is 1,000 feet higher. From about the present point, on the old Indian trail, Yosemite was discovered in '51. To thousands of visitors this question has been put, "Was this view of the Yosemite equal to your expectations?" It is not at all out of the way to answer this question by saying that to at least ninety per cent it has been far greater than their fondest ones, and this is saying very much. When the only Barnum gazed upon the Yosemite from here, he said, "This is the biggest show on earth." Emerson said, too, that the Yosemite was the only place that "came up to the brag." This was hardly the Emersonian way of expression, but it tells much in five words.

To many visitors this view of the Yosemite almost dumbs their senses. From Dr. Cora A. Morse we quote: "We cross the bridge (at Wawona), and we are now in the Yosemite National Park. Soon the trees grow larger, the

mountains tower still farther heavenward, the chasms grow darker and deeper, the curves more abrupt, the road narrower, the ascent steeper. At the bottom of these vast chasms the river winds like a serpentine thread of light."

The Gates of Grandeur Here

But "finally the last summit is passed," writes Col. J. P. Irish, "and the last change is made to the sure-footed



APPROACHING INSPIRATION POINT.

(Raymond Route.)

four-in-hand, which is to take the coach down the steep run into the Valley. The traveler need not be told that he is approaching the gates of grandeur. He feels it. Ahead, through the forest vistas, rise walls of rock, down whose sides streams run babbling and noisy to depths unknown. All are quiet. The funsters have quit funning, and the songsters have ceased singing. There is a tension of expectation, and an exaltation of feeling that are above expression. On spins the coach, and in a moment it

reaches Inspiration Point and stops for the first view of the Valley. How many thousands of hearts have felt a new emotion here! Many minds have here felt a sense of separation from the body—as if the sun that shines upon the indescribable scene had etherealized the senses in order that their higher potency might grasp the marvels that are seen. Not a word is spoken. Every visitor is here impressed with the inadequacy of language to describe what he sees."

Artists' Point

As you slowly wind your way down toward the Valley, you will soon come to Artists' Point. From here many of the famous paintings of Yosemite have been sketched. A trip from the floor of the Valley to Artists' or Inspiration Point will well repay those who enter the Yosemite on other roads.

Stanford and Dewey Points

Both these Points are above Artists' Point, near the rim of the Valley, and can be plainly seen from the floor of same. A trail leads by them, particulars of which are given under the article on Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome.

The Leaning Tower

This peculiar rock is to the right of the Bridal Veil Fall.

El Capitan

"There are two great cliffs in Yosemite the memory of which will linger uppermost in the mind as inimitable emblems of massiveness, majesty, and strength, namely, El Capitan and Half Dome. The former is in some senses the more impressive of the two; the bald, square, continuous front of solid granite mounting up at a single bound over two-thirds of a mile, with no apologies of stepping-stones, as half-way landing-places, marks this great buttress as the only one of its kind in the world. The tall trees on its summit look like shrubs, and the heavy-winged cranes sailing past its upper walls, look like motes in the sunbeams. Clinging to the granite walls in a cloven niche half way to the summit, is a great pine tree, 79 feet high, that looks no larger than a fern."—E. M. D. Johnstone.



Photo by Fiske Yosemite

YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM ABOVE ARTISTS POINT.

The summit of El Capitan (The Captain) is 3,300 feet above the Valley. Its southern face protrudes about 60 feet from a vertical, quite enough to be apparent to the eye. On its bold faces you can pick out almost any sort of figure. It is possible to reach its summit from the rear, but the trail is a long and rough one, and the trip will hardly pay you.

"If some unmeasured and incomprehensible force could hurl St. Peter's Cathedral with the swiftness of a cannon-ball against the face of El Capitan," writes C. W. Kyle, "though ground to powder by the force of striking, it would affect this great rock much as our greatest iron-clads would be by the striking of a pea when thrown from a school-boy's sling.

"This overshadowing mountain is, unquestionably, one of the grandest and most massive rocks in the world. The colossal proportions of this great masterpiece of God's masonry are slow in finding a lodgment in the mind. It is too great for one to easily comprehend, and any attempt to familiarize one's self with it only serves to expand and enlarge its individuality. If some convulsion of nature should throw it over upon its face, as now presented to the Valley, it would require one hundred and sixty acres for its bed. Mountain pines, giants of the forests, appear upon its bosom much as mosses adorn rocks that are elsewhere called large."

Cathedral Rocks

These are on the opposite or southern side of the Valley from El Capitan, the highest of which is 2,660 feet. The Bridal Veil pours down the western side of one of them. These three massive piles of granite of irregular shapes are sometimes called the Three Graces. As you pass the Bridal Veil, going up the Valley, you will see a strong resemblance between a cathedral of Gothic architecture and the Cathedral Rocks.

Cathedral Spires

The Cathedral Spires are marvelously beautiful and strikingly suggestive of the solemn offices to which they have been dedicated. One pauses as if to hear the chimes from the cloud-wrapped belfry. They are to the right and almost east of the Cathedral Rocks. The Spire on the right is 2,678 feet above the Valley floor, while the other one is 2,579 feet above the river. Their distinctly columnar form is about 700 feet.

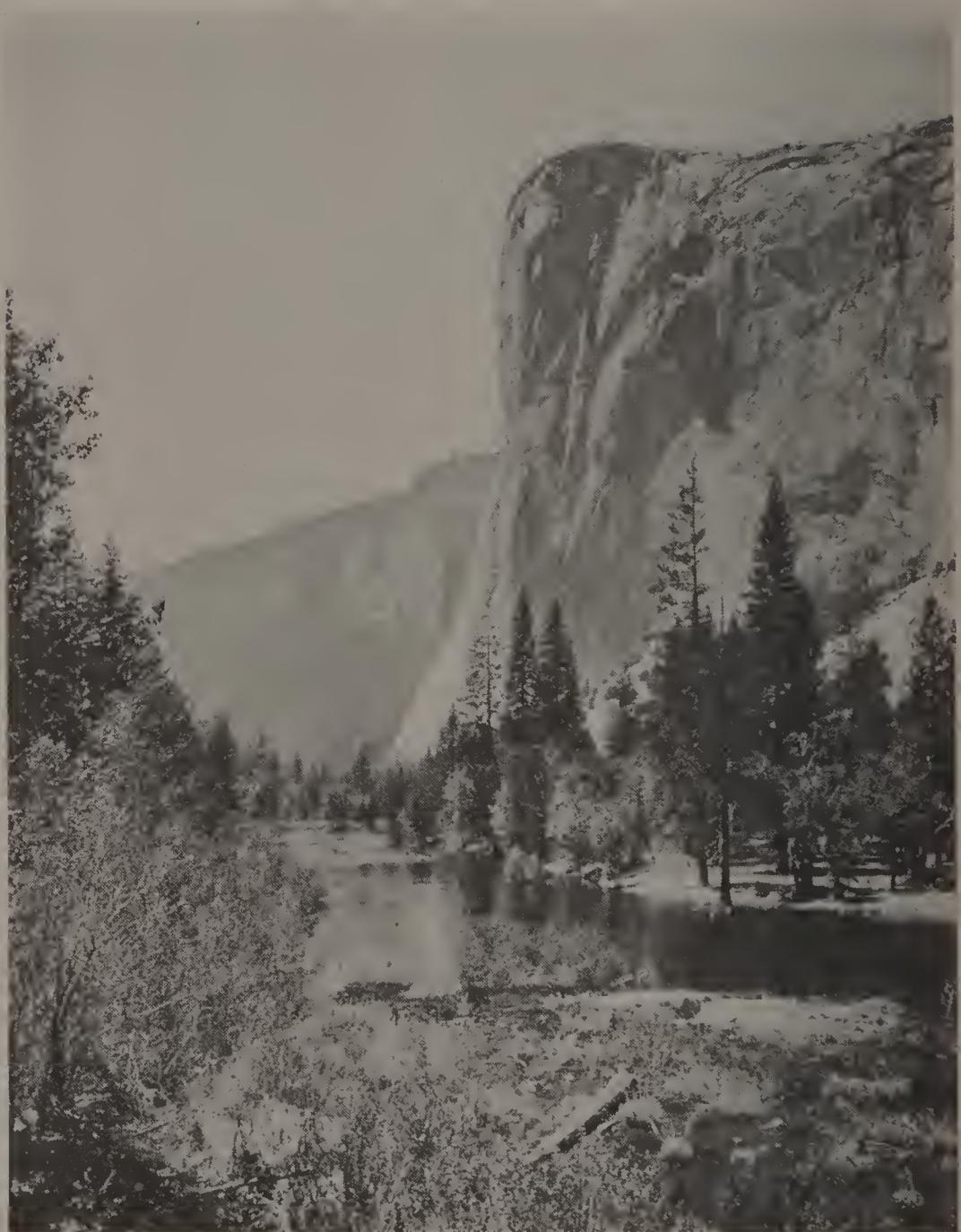


Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles

EL CAPITAN AND MERCED RIVER.

The summit of El Capitan is 3,300 feet above the Merced.

The Spires

“No foot has pressed those stairways dizzy,
 No hand has touched those silent bells;
 No mortal sacristan there busy,
 Silence alone the story tells.
 Those aisles untrod, save by the spirits,
 Whose mortal forms rest 'neath the sod;
 They only have the power to hear its
 Chimes of God.”

—C. W. Kyle.

Profile Mountain

This peculiar formation forms a part of the south wall between the Spires and the Sentinel. It forms the front crag or highest point of the Fissures. Numbers of faces can be traced on it at almost any hour of the day, but you get its best effects from the afternoon light.

The Three Brothers and Eagle Peak

These points are on the northern side of the Valley, just above El Capitan, the highest of which is Eagle Peak, whose summit is 3,830 feet (Whitney) above the Valley floor. This is one of the best points to get a fine view of the Valley. It is a good day's trip. It is reached via the Yosemite Falls trail, and its summit is about seven miles from the guardian's office. The trip from the top of the Yosemite Falls is a delightfully pleasant one.

Concerning the naming of the Three Brothers, Dr. Bunnell, in his “Discovery of Yosemite,” says: “We had captured three Indians near here, and, being brothers, we so named these three rocky peaks. I afterwards learned that the Indians called them ‘Kom-po-pai-zes,’ from a fancied resemblance of the peaks to the heads of frogs when sitting up ready to leap. A fanciful interpretation has been given the Indian name as meaning, ‘mountains playing leap-frog.’

The Sentinel

Well has this obelisk-like slender mass of granite been sometimes called the watch-tower of the Valley. It is opposite the Three Brothers, and boldly stands out, overlooking the Valley. Its tip is 3,069 feet (Wheeler) above the river. Its front is nearly perpendicular for over 1,500 feet below its apex. Its summit is accessible, but the trip is a hard one and rarely attempted. Parties making the as-



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

CATHEDRAL SPIRES

The Spires are 2,579 and 2,678 feet above the Valley.



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

THREE BROTHERS.

Eagle Peak, the highest, is 3,800 feet.

cent usually go to Union Point, and then select their own trail from there. They return down the gorge. But one lady, Mrs. G. B. Bayley, of Oakland, however, has been to the summit. She left a white flag there, and it stood the storms of ten winters.

During the season of '90, some students from the University of California made the ascent, and proudly planted their "Blue and Gold" pennant upon its summit. But it was not to remain long, for within a few days some Stanford students climbed, too, to its dizzy heights, and lowered the "Blue and Gold," and in its place put their cherished color, the "Cardinal." Ladies are not encouraged to attempt making this trip.

Union Point and Agassiz Column

This is the "half-way" or resting-place between the floor of the Valley and Glacier Point. In distance, however, it is more than half way, being two miles from foot of trail at the Chapel, and only one and a third miles from Glacier Point. Do not let distances encourage you too much here. It is elevation that makes you think that all Californians do not tell the truth when speaking of distances, especially in Yosemite. So a mile of distance may mean an hour or more of "climb." We think Union Point a good place to mention these little things—facts. Union Point is 2,350 feet above the Merced River. Glacier Point is only 900 feet above you. That wonderful and peculiar shaft of granite, Agassiz Column, is here. Proudly it rears its head above the Valley abyss, 2,000 feet below. It is 85 feet high, and its base is so small and frail looking that one wonders what holds the Column in its place. It was named in honor of the famous Professor Agassiz.

During the season of '96, Mrs. Agassiz, whose home was then, and may still be, if living, at Santa Barbara, visited the Yosemite, and, though quite elderly and feeble, she visited this famous rock, making the trip, from the hotel, on a mule. A mere incident, say you, in this hurly-burly world.

We leave Union Point refreshed, and slowly we ascend to the Mecca of this trip, Glacier Point. At various points we apparently come close to the edge of the great wall, and it makes us sort of "creep." But the element of danger is wanting, for there are good rock walls on the outer side, and the trail is good and wide. But tarry not too long, for, as Professor Whitney well said, "the grandest sight on earth" is now about to open before your astonished gaze.



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

THE SENTINEL.

The summit of the Sentinel is 3,069 feet above the Merced.

Glacier Point

This is the ONE trip of the Yosemite that you should not miss. If you have but one day in Yosemite, spend it on the GLACIER POINT TRIP. The view from it includes a mighty sweep of the snow-covered Sierras of hundreds of miles, and it looks upon twenty miles square the like of which and the equal of which no other spot on earth nor wealth can afford. You first come in sight of it at the village. As you near Camp Curry, you come to bare, upright faces of rocks, rising 3,250 feet above. Look close and you will see a flag. It looks like a handkerchief, yet it is 18 feet long. Where that flag floats is an iron railing, from which you can look over and gaze on the Valley, 3,250 feet below, where, says Derrick Dodd, "the sight is something to stop the beating of a chamois' heart and cause spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine. From here the entire Valley is spread out at your feet, where hotels are as huts, trees of two hundred feet mere shrubs, men as black spots on the surface of the green, Mirror Lake a bright speck, and an apple orchard of four acres, the trees set twenty feet apart, appears as a checkerboard."

There is a good, home-like hotel up there, in charge of Mrs. N. Lewis, a pleasant, popular hostess. The rates are reasonable. Many remain overnight to get "the gorgeous crimson-rosy glow of the setting sun," and the "radiant light of the morning sun as it rises from behind the serrated outline of dark and rugged peaks, dispelling the misty shadows of the departing night."

Fireworks and Bombs

Nearly every evening an exhibition of fireworks is given from the iron railing at the Point. This consists of pushing cones and bits of wood, as well as sacks saturated with coal oil, over the precipice. It is a grand sight, the coals streaming down the great wall like so much water. Bombs, too, that give one all the effects of a loud clap of thunder, are frequently set off at the same time. This, however, all costs money, and so, if you want to enjoy it, arrange with some one up there, or by telephone, for the display. We can fully assure you that the man who attends to it earns his money, for there is a nerve tension about it few of us would want to undergo. When the horn toots, look out for the display and bombs.

"The galaxy of glories," says Dr. Peck, "which here speeds out to our vision,—Clouds' Rest, Half Dome, Cap of Liberty, Mt. Lyell, Mt. Starr King, Vernal, Nevada,



HOTEL AT GLACIER POINT

3,250 feet above floor of Valley.

and Yosemite Falls, and the vast amphitheater of the High Sierras,—forms a panorama of splendors and sublimities that, once seen, will remain in the memory forever a scene of exaltation and transcendent glory. But the pinions of thought soaring amid such heights and enchanting vision, sink in memories, and the wings of imagination droop languidly in the vain attempt to reproduce any adequate conception of the wondrous views from Glacier Point. You must see it if you can."

There is a good stage road from Glacier Point out to Chinquapin, 15 miles from Wawona, where it intersects the main Wawona and Yosemite road.

This road is usually opened about the 15th of June, and then tourists can, if they so desire, go to Glacier Point and then by stage on to Wawona that evening. Sometimes, by special arrangement, they make the trip from Wawona to Glacier Point, where they remain all night, and then down to the floor of the Valley next day.

Sentinel Dome

Is about a half mile to the rear and southeast of the Sentinel Rock. It is 4,160 feet above the Valley. The view from it includes a magnificent one of the High Sierras and the Valley. There is a good trail now from Glacier Point to the dome, and the trip to the former usually includes the latter—in fact, it would not be complete without it. It is a little over one mile from the hotel. The road from Glacier Point to Wawona passes near the eastern side of the Dome.

Dewey Trail and Point

This is a new trail, and it opens up a new galaxy of wonders for the visitor. Possibly it would be better to say, new points of view for the wonders already viewed from the floor of the Valley. This trail follows the south rim of the Valley from near Sentinel Dome via the Fissures, then across Bridal Veil Creek some distance back of the Bridal Veil Fall, then on to Dewey and Stanford Points and the stage road at Fort Monroe, the latter being the first stage station just beyond Inspiration Point.

As noted above, it gives you new points of view of the wonders of the lower part of the Yosemite. Tourists can frequently make that trip and, meeting the afternoon stage at Fort Monroe, reach Wawona that evening. For this information we would suggest that you consult Geo. W.

Kenney, the affable manager of the Saddle Train Co., whose business it is to attend to the detail of this work. For those who have come via Oak Flat and Chinese, or via Coulterville and Merced, a day's round trip is suggested. Mr. Kenney, too, can give you all the data.

Camping parties desirous of making this trip can get full information, if they need other than given here, from the guardian, or at this office. Tourists and camping parties entering the Yosemite on either of the northern roads are advised to do the Dewey trail, for the Inspiration Point view alone will well repay them.

The Fissures

Have you the time, do not neglect a visit to the Fissures. They are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Glacier Point. You follow the trail toward Sentinel Dome, but before reaching its summit the trail forks. The right-hand one takes you to the top of the Dome, the left-hand one will take you out to the stage road. Follow this until you come to a finger-board directing you to take the trail to the Fissures. One of these is several hundred feet deep and about four feet across it. Go out to the side of the main gorge, crawl out to the edge on your stomach, and look down into the awful, yawning abyss below. Be sure that some one holds onto your legs while you are doing this. The sides of the gorge appear to deflect inwardly from a straight line, and you appear to be gazing into space. Visit the Fissures if you can, and our word for it, you will never regret the trip.

Yosemite Point

A trip to the top of the Upper Yosemite Falls includes a visit to Yosemite Point, which is but a short distance to the eastward. An iron railing has been built on the edge of the Point, so that you can with safety look over the terrible gorge beneath you, 3,220 feet (Wheeler). The Lost Arrow, or Giant's Thumb, is a peculiar spur of granite that projects from the outer wall of this Point. It can be seen from the Valley floor. There is a beautiful Indian legend connected with the Lost Arrow, as follows: A young warrior fell in love with a princess of the Valley. The wedding day was set, and he went up to Yosemite Point to hunt in the country back of it for the game required for the feast. He agreed with her to come out to the Point when he had secured enough game, and to shoot an arrow into the Valley below.

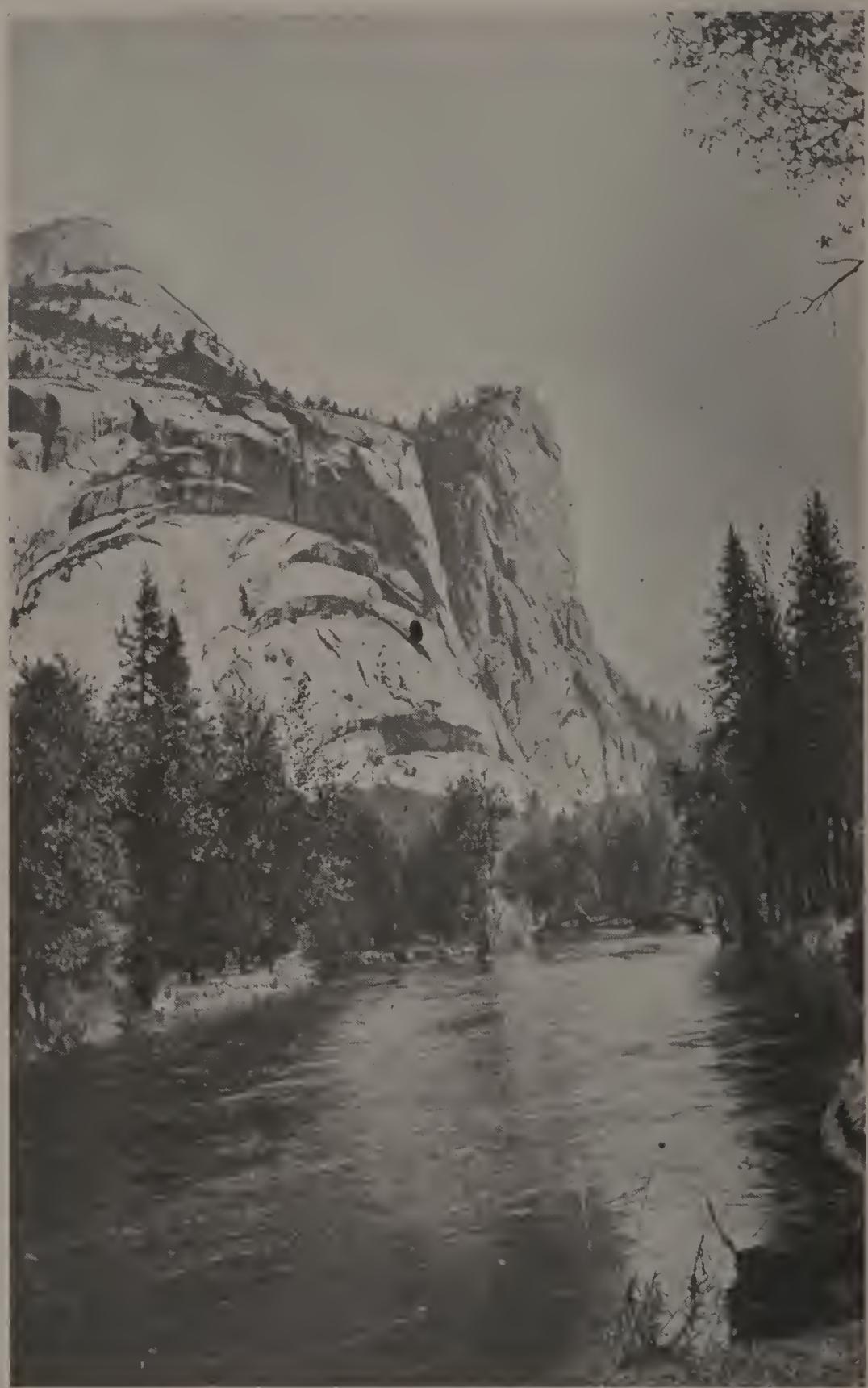


Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

NORTH DOME, ROYAL ARCHES, AND WASHINGTON COLUMN.

He went there, and while preparing to carry out his promise, missed his footing and fell over, landing where the Lost Arrow intersects the side of the cliff. Long she waited, but the arrow never came. In time she went up, and, gazing over the dizzy precipice, saw the mangled remains of her lover. She was lowered down by ropes, and rescued the remains. Hence the name, Lost Arrow. A trip to Yosemite Point will well repay one.

Indian Canyon

This is the name of the deep gorge eastward of Yosemite Point. In early days the Indians used to use this to enter and leave the Valley. There used to be a trail up it to Yosemite Point. Since the Eagle Peak trail has been built, it has fallen into disuse, and is now impassable for horses.

The Royal Arches

These grandly-sculptured semi-circle indentations are on the northern wall opposite Glacier Point, and immediately overlooking the old camping grounds. They are nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and the highest is close to the top of the wall, which is here about 2,000 feet perpendicularly. The Royal Arches by moonlight are one of the scenes that will ever cling to the visitor.

Washington Column

Just eastward of the Royal Arches, and at the foot of the North Dome, is the Washington Column. It is a sentinel, as it were, of the grand and mighty giants that surround it.

North Dome

To the north of the Royal Arches and Washington Tower, looms up that peculiar and rounding formation, the North Dome. It rises above the Valley about 3,700 feet. The summit is accessible from the rear, but it is a difficult trip, and rarely attempted.

Mount Watkins

This imposing mountain can be seen from the upper end of the Valley; by walking up the canyon from Mirror

Lake, one obtains a very fine view of its 4,000 feet of vertical elevation. It is beautifully reflected in Mirror Lake.

The Half or South Dome

The Half or South Dome stands above the angle of the Merced River and Tinayah Creek. Its extreme height above the Valley is nearly 5,000 feet. On the side overlooking Mirror Lake its face is perpendicular for about 2,000 feet below its summit. Here can be seen various figures, such as the Old Man's Head, the train of cars, etc. At one time, 1875 and a few years later, there was a rope ladder on its northeast side, which is quite rounding, and many visitors made the ascent, clinging to the ladder for a distance of nearly 1,000 feet. Many ladies also made the ascent. The sensation was very trying on the nerves. The ladder was built by G. G. Anderson in October, 1875, by drilling holes in the rock, driving wooden pins into them, to which iron eyes were fastened. He would stand on the highest pin while drilling for the next one, and so on to the top. Since the rope ladder rotted away, several attempts have been made to gain its summit, but all have failed. Anderson is no more, and the board of commissioners do not care about encouraging visitors to take such dangerous trips, and hence have not kept it in repair. Says that beautiful descriptive writer, E. McD. Johnstone: "Half Dome, or Tissaack (Goddess of the Valley), is perhaps the most imposing and awe-inspiring of Yosemite wonders. The mighty powers of nature that have wrought such marvelous wonders in this region have cleft this mighty tower in twain and disposed of the fragments in a manner as mysterious as it must have been awful. From a distance one might fancy that the stonecutter's art had been brought to bear upon its beautifully rounded summit, but upon closer inspection it is found that time has been the carver. The ages have cut out huge concentric layers of granite, of which the entire dome is composed, and scattered them in picturesque confusion in the deep chasm that surrounds it. There is no feature of the Yosemite that presents so many aspects of rugged grandeur from every point of the compass as does this: no two views are alike, and yet from any standpoint it is overpowering, incomparable in its magnificence. It is among the first of the great peaks, after the sun's rays have faded in the west, to catch the

first glint of the moon's pale splendor as the night queen rides out behind Mt. Starr King.

Cloud Effects on the Dome

"The Half Dome, gloomy, yet splendid, stands upon the right, and if the day be overcast, the gathering and vanishing of clouds about its summit would be a most interesting study. One peculiarity of this cloud-weaving process is the sudden appearance of a mass of vapor, perhaps a thousand feet below the summit, which did not appear to drift in from any adjoining body of moisture, but rather to have suddenly taken wing. Like some huge bird from off one of the cliffs, another and another vapory messenger, like trooping ghosts, steal up the crags to join it, and then the accumulated mass, squirming and writhing, rolls up along the Dome, and when it lifts it is seen to have left some of its color upon the peak."—E. McD. Johnstone.

Grizzly Peak

This rugged Peak is to the south of the Half Dome. It is very difficult of ascent, only a few persons, so far, having reached its summit. It is well named.

Cap of Liberty

In approaching the Vernal Fall, you see, beyond the latter, the majestic top of the Cap of Liberty. It is to the left of the Nevada Fall, and rises nearly 2,000 feet above the little lake at its base. Its summit is accessible from the rear. It is not considered a difficult trip, but a rather hard climb. Many have made it. It is well worth the effort if you have the time and muscle. It is 7,100 feet above sea level.

Clouds' Rest

A trip should be taken to Clouds' Rest, whose summit is 10,000 feet above sea level. This takes a full day, and the distance is 11 miles. "From Glacier Point, from the floor of the Valley, from Sentinel Dome, from everywhere, the mighty Half Dome has dominated its end of the Yosemite. Very naturally this aggressive assertion of the Dome nettles the visitor, and there grows a desire," writes Colonel Irish, "to humble this defiant rock that

intrudes itself in every company. Behind it, and apparently lower down, stretches a long and sharp ridge, over which often from Glacier Point the white clouds may be seen tumbling, like sheep jumping a fence. This is Clouds' Rest. The trail is by the top of Nevada Fall and across the floor of Little Yosemite Valley before the next climb, which ends on the summit, 10,000 feet high. Now Half Dome lowers his stubborn crest and lies subdued like an ordinary boulder at your feet. You are in high society, hobnobbing on terms of nearly equal altitude with Mount Hoffman, the Lyell group, Gray Peak, Mount Dana, and the far Minarets. There is not that bird's-eye effect had at Glacier Point, but in its place there is an up-in-the-world feeling that would lead one to cheer, except that this rare air is too thin for vocalizing much."

MIRROR LAKE

Between the Washington Column and the Half Dome, surrounded by a beautiful forest, reposes one of the prettiest things of its kind on earth. It is Mirror Lake. There is a good wagon road to it. The echo effects produced here are simply marvelous. Take a good strong "halloo," and you will hear your voice repeated many times. To get the perfect mirror effects you must visit the Lake before sunrise, or the mirror effects will be destroyed.

To do this you should leave the hotels or camping grounds at about 7 o'clock up to July, and at a later hour as the season advances. Those who are camping below the guardian's must, of course, leave earlier. If you miss it the first morning go again.

Another Yosemite Here

"We were aroused at half past five to prepare for a day never to be forgotten in the gallery of precious memories," writes Dr. Peck. "First, a carriage ride of about thirty minutes brought us to Mirror Lake, which the Indians named 'Sleeping Water.' This is an enchantingly beautiful Lake, embowered by trees and environed on high by the most noted domes of the Yosemite. We purposely reached there before sunrise. The Lake is motionless and smooth as a mirror, and the reflected domes, peaks, and trees on its glassy bosom are seen in perfect outline, distinctness, and color. Astonishment and delight transfix the gaze. There is another Yosemite of



Photo by Fiske, Yosemite.

"PLUM DUFF."

The above picture represents how Dorothy and Ned Atkinson, whose home is in the Valley, came down the zigzag trail from Glacier Point. The latter is 3,250 feet above the floor of the Valley. The trail is four miles long. Into the bag on the left Ned was carefully tucked away and tied in, for he had the danger side, because from many turns on the way he could look down a thousand feet or more. "Plum Duff," too, seemed to delight in getting as close as possible to the outer edges of the dangerous turns. His sister was put into the opposite bag, and thus safely loaded, with Mrs. Atkinson leading the faithful animal, they rode down to their Valley home.

equal beauty and grandeur five hundred fathoms down. Dome, tower, spire, crag, peak, and every graceful line of beauty are as clear and more fascinating in the water than on the heights above us. But while we are gazing on this lovely spectacle of water, a pink, mother-of-pearl, iridescent coloring appears in the depths we are watching, just over the shoulder of a lofty dome. We were riveted in expectation, and soon that for which we came was our joy. We saw first the golden-edged, then the full-orbed sun, in all its splendor, rising a mile below the water, just as it was rising a mile above our heads. No wonder one writer says, 'There is not a spot on earth yet seen by man that so charmingly blends majesty with beauty.' Regretfully we turn away from this enchanting spot."

The Lake is about three miles from the guardian's office. To reach it you cross the bridge at the Sentinel Hotel, and then turn to the right and continue on that road up to the Royal Arch grounds; these are just beyond the blacksmith shop. Beyond that keep on the right-hand road. If upon your return from the Lake you desire to go to the Vernal and the Nevada Falls, simply keep the left-hand road, and this will lead you over to the starting-place, near Happy Isles. See section elsewhere devoted to this latter trip. It is in the part devoted to the Vernal-Nevada Falls.

Roads and Trails

On the floor of the Valley are twenty miles of fine carriage road, furnishing delightful drives, and cut into the walls are twenty-four miles of trails for saddle animals, by which may be reached Eagle Peak, the top of Yosemite Fall, of Vernal and Nevada Falls, Clouds' Rest, and Glacier Point.

These are the finest mountain trails in the world. The Alpine trails do not equal them in variety and detail of scenery they afford, and do not excel them in the splendid grouping of waterfalls, widespread mountain scenery, noble forests, and sky-piercing summits. The trails are triumphs of engineering, and with every rod traversed upon them the scene shifts and changes, so that interest never flags and the zest of it all grows with what it feeds upon.

Carbon, Platinum, and Velox pictures at the "Tourist" Studio,
from 75 cents per dozen to \$5.00 each.

The Yosemite Commissioners

The Yosemite Valley, or Grant, having been ceded to the state of California in 1864, by Congress, being accepted by this state the following year, has ever since been managed by a state board of commissioners, eight in number. These are appointed by the governor, and hold office four years. There is no salary, but their necessary traveling expenses are paid by the state. The annual meeting is held here in the office of the guardian on the first Wednesday of June, the governor presiding. The meetings are public. If you have a complaint or a suggestion to make, they are always pleased to receive such at their meeting here. Other meetings are held from time to time at the office of the board, in the Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco. The secretary and the guardian are the only two salaried officers of the commission. The funds at the disposal of the board are as follows: \$10,000 a year from the state, and about \$3,000 from rentals. This is the Yosemite fund. Besides this they receive \$875 for the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, for the latter, too, is under the same management, being ceded to the state at the same time.

The board of commissioners to manage the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove now consists of the following: Hon. Geo. C. Pardee, governor of the state of California, ex-officio president; Chas. S. Givens, of San Francisco, vice-president; William G. Henshaw, Oakland; Wm. G. Kerckhoff, Los Angeles; Frank H. Short, Fresno; Thos. Hender, Sonora; W. W. Foote, J. C. Wilson, and W. H. Metson, San Francisco. J. J. Lermen is secretary and treasurer, and John F. Stevens is guardian. The two latter are usually appointed at the annual meeting held here during the early part of June. The latter is the commission's local representative.

Yosemite Flora and Shrubbery

"The Yosemite Valley being a deep, narrow depression in a high plateau, the vegetation of the Valley is principally the same as that of the plateau itself. The perpendicular sides of it help rather than hinder the distribution of seeds, while the many streams that flow down the cliffs

are largely instrumental in bringing down to the Valley the plants of the regions above. This vegetation is essentially the same as that of the upper coniferous belt. It includes almost wholly the peculiar plants of the high summits, and also the great majority of the plants common to the inhabited districts."—J. W. Congdon.

Along the river may be found the balm of Gilead, alder, dogwood, willow, and buckthorn. They are familiar old friends. On all sides you will see and scent the beautiful azalea. The manzanita, with its bell-shaped blossoms and its scraggly limbs, will greet you at every pathway and trail. Then, too, you will find the California lilac, whose scented plumes of white flowers are so pleasant to the eye and nostril. Then there is the "butterfly tulip," "pussy's paws," "evening primrose," and hundreds of others. There are many varieties of ferns, some of them quite rare. The botanist will find much here to while away days and weeks.

The Snow Plant

This blood-red and beautifully-attractive flower is met with, shortly after the snow leaves the ground, on all routes to the Yosemite or Big Trees. It ranges from 4,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level. "Its brilliant, semi-translucent stem," says J. M. Hutchings, "and bells, and leaves that interwine among the bells, being all blood-red, their constituent seemingly of partially-crystallized sugar, makes it the most conspicuously beautiful flower born of the Sierras. From the common name it bears might come the impression that its birthplace is among the Sierra snows, but this is not the case; for, although its growth and early development are beneath deep banks of snow, it seldom shows its blood-red crown until some days after the snow has melted away. Many eminent botanists consider this a parasitic plant, some affirming that it grows only upon a cedar root in a certain stage of decay. I have, however, seen this floral gem flourishing over 1,000 feet above the habitat of cedars, and, after carefully digging up over 20 specimens, could find no indication whatever of their parasitic character. The height of its panicled blossom aboveground is from 7 to 16 inches, with a diameter of from 2 to 4 inches, its bulb root extending as far down into the earth as the flower is above it. When digging up specimens, therefore, this fact should be remembered, as to break them off—and they are exceedingly brittle—is to spoil them."



Photo by D. J. Foley. "Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

MARY, A YOSEMITE INDIAN.

Toll Roads and Tolls

There are three toll roads entering Yosemite, the Wawona, or old Mariposa route, on the southern side, the Merced-Santa Fe and the Big Oak Flat routes, on the northern side. In the early part of the season, the upper

part of the Oak Flat road is not opened, but you leave it at Smith's place, above Groveland, and cross over to the Merced-Santa Fe road, near Dudley's. On the latter and the Oak Flat routes, the tolls are \$1.00 per person each way. On the Wawona route they are \$2.25 per horse into the Valley, and half rates on return trip. That is, the rates are \$1.00 per horse over any of the roads from the plains to Wawona, and \$1.25 from Wawona to Yosemite. Saddle horse and rider, 50 cents; pack animals, 75 cents.

When you consider that the roads are kept in good condition, and that the owners have never received a dividend on their first cost, you will admit that the tolls are not excessive; in fact, they must be considered reasonable. Within a short time all these roads will become the property of the United States Government, for they are run principally within the lines of the Yosemite National Park.

The Trail Mule Is Wise

Dr. Peck thus speaks of the trip between Register Rock and the top of Vernal Falls: "Remounting, after the guide has tightened the girths for safety, we begin to climb a trail that seems impossible up that steep mountain to the top. But we go on, following our guide, ascending steep on steep, by scores and scores of zigzags, picked and blasted out of a region which a chamois goat could hardly attempt to climb, turning points on butting crags, and looking down abrupt precipices thousands of feet into the canyon below. On we go, with no sign of the top, nor of our way out of this mountain prison. And yet the guide knows there is a way, and knows how to conduct us safely to it.

"There is no danger," he says. And that is true, barring the improvidable. The mule, by the instinct of self-preservation, will make no misstep. He is as afraid to go over that precipice as the rider. He shrinks from death as much as the most timid on his back. If he does not show as much fear as the rider, it is because the mule knows more than the man. He knows just how to pick his way, balances his load as he swings the corners, and steps so slowly and carefully that he can not fall. He won't go off. You can not bribe or drive him over. So carefully does he pick his way, heedless of whip or spur plied by foolish or angry rider, that the caution of the mule is the safety of the man. With religious fidelity he treads that trail every day. His experience is better than

your theory. Hence, throw fear to the winds, throw your reins on his neck, have faith in the mule, and let him have his way. Then there is no danger. With fear gone, the mule will do the rest."

Automobiles and Bicycles

To Oliver Lippincott and E. Russel, of Los Angeles, the former being the well-known artist-photographer, whose photographic work is so much admired, belongs the credit of being the first to come to Yosemite in an automobile of the locomobile type. They were here during the latter part of June, of 1900, having steamed in, so to speak, from Fresno *via* Raymond and Wawona. On the return trip, the machine was run up to Glacier Point, *via* the regular stage road. It was run out upon the Overhanging Rock, and, with one of the guides, Walter Hensley, standing upright, it was photographed. As the machine took up all the space upon the rock, it became necessary for Mr. Hensley to crawl over the top of the high-back seat, to stand within the body of the machine. Strong ropes kept it from going over the face of the rock. Nevertheless, this is an experience that few of us would care to undertake.

During August, a gasoline machine came in, *via* the same road, from San Jose. This was the pioneer to make a full trip. As a result of these two trips, many such trips have been planned for this season.

The managers of the different stage lines operating here say that they will put on a line of horseless carriages just as soon as any company will build a machine that will do the work. They very sensibly think that the manufacturers should do the experimental work, and not they.

As to bicycles, a large number of them come here every season. The sensible stage horses no longer fear them. A number of ladies, too, have made the trip. If wheelmen would only realize that about twenty-five miles a day in the mountains is good and easy wheeling, there would be far less complaints from this army of sightseers. Frequently visitors come here on their wheels and carry a good-sized camping outfit, sometimes as much as fifty pounds. Such freighting, however, is not to be encouraged. It is cheaper to send such by stage freight.

The Little Yosemite

A short distance above the Nevada Fall you enter the valley of the Little Yosemite, a great wonder in itself were it other than so near its big brother. It is about four miles long and from a half mile to a mile wide. The upper part of the Valley, above the cross fence, is private property, being east of the Yosemite Grant line. It is about 2,000 feet above the Yosemite. This part of the Merced was stocked with trout some years ago, and fishing is good here. The principal varieties are the eastern brook and Lake Tahoe trout.

Twilight on the Merced

"When the early shadows begin to fall and the breezes die out, when the clear light of heaven from above the mountain tops smiles up through its long, unruffled reaches, when a nether world of grandeur is reflected from its bosom, when the cliff swallow of the twilight wings his erratic flight along its margins, when the holy hour of night covers the face of the dying day, and even the stars of God crowd in to see some of its departing glory, then, truly, the river of mercy is a glorious river."

—E. McD. Johnstone.

Camping Grounds and Campers

A summer outing to the Yosemite, via the Campers' Route, is the way about 2,000 people see its wonders every season. They commence to arrive the middle of May, and at any time during June from 300 to 500 laughing, joyous, noisy visitors can be found encamped about the Valley. They are a jolly crowd, from the professions, the counting-rooms, the school-rooms, and the field. They come from the orange groves below the Tehachapi, from the raisin and wheat fields of the great San Joaquin Valley, from the verdant counties fringing the coast, and from the Sacramento Valley as far up as Chico. The large parties come mostly from the cities. Many revisit the Valley year after year, and never tire of it. Nearly all parts of the Valley are open to them. There is everything here that can make a camping visit a most pleasant one. Supplies of provisions can be had at the store at reasonable rates. Wood is found in abundance. The guardian expects you to be careful of your camp fires, always putting them out. Your horses are not allowed to

run loose; you can stake them, however. You should call on the guardian, J. F. Stevens, when you first come in. He will fully explain matters to you. You will find him a most pleasant gentleman, and the information he will give you will be reliable.

The cost of a trip of this kind will depend almost entirely upon the individual. We have known a party of six to make the trip, from a point 250 miles away, and remain out a month, at a cost of about \$20 each. Had they to pay for their team, the cost would have been about \$30. Other parties would have been out \$40 or more for the same trip. Do not load your wagons down with unnecessary luggage. A too luxurious camp life is not always a pleasant one. Camp-fire entertainments are given frequently by camping parties. They are pleasant, informal affairs and enjoyed by all. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see 300 or more people around a blazing camp-fire on such occasions.

The Yosemite National Park

When Congress, in 1890, set apart the Yosemite National Park, it made a mistake in so naming it, for the average visitor at once concludes that the National Park also includes the Yosemite Valley proper, which is not so. The latter is purely under state management, while the former is under the immediate control of the national government, a troop of cavalry being stationed at Wawona, to patrol it, every summer.

The lines of the National Park extend to Wawona, to three miles west of Hazel Green, and to a point about one mile west of Crocker's, all of these points being located on the three roads leading to the Yosemite, and distant about 25 miles. The eastern line of the great park extends to the crest of the Sierras, and to points about 40 miles north and south of the Yosemite. At the Sierra Club here you will find maps on file showing you the lines of the Park. It has nearly 1,500 square miles, and about 624,000 acres of land.

The object of setting apart this vast domain was to protect the watershed of the Yosemite, its forests, and shrubbery, from the firebrands of the sheep-herders. For years previous to that time the vandals annually set out fires to burn off the underbrush so that feed would be good for their herds the following year. But, thanks to the watchfulness of the soldiers, these people and their herds

have gone elsewhere, and so the beautiful vales and glens of the Sierras have once again appeared in all the beautiful colors of their native flora. Then, too, the lumbermen, vandals of another but equally dangerous sort, have been prevented from cutting out the timber along the three routes to the Valley. Of course this hardly looks fair to the men who put their money into these timber claims, who expected to sell their claims to a lumber syndicate; but there is only one Yosemite, and its forest approaches should be kept in a virgin state forever. However, the government should repay these people at once the amount of their purchase money and reasonable interest. The government should own, too, the three toll-roads that run through the Park. It is not to Uncle Sam's credit that tolls have to be collected on roads running through his National Park.

The Yosemite Valley, which is a state reservation, managed by a state board of commissioners, is thus surrounded by the Yosemite National Park. The two parks become somewhat mixed in the minds of the visitors at times. The former was ceded in trust to the state of California by an act of Congress, June, 1864. This grant also includes the Mariposa Big Tree Grove. It contains 36,000 acres, the Yosemite having about 26,000 acres, of which from 2,000 to 3,000 acres are meadow lands. The grant is twelve miles long, with an average width of about three miles. Its north and south lines are about one mile back from the rim of the Valley. It commences at a point a short distance this side of the Cascade Fall, crossing the Oak Flat road at Gentry's and the Wawona road at Fort Monroe, near Inspiration Point. Its eastern line extends from Clouds' Rest to Mt. Starr King.

Firearms are not allowed within either of the Parks. While passing through the National Park you are not under strict military discipline. Put out your fires, and do not, if you manage to get through the lines of the Park with your guns, do any hunting. Bear are, of course, excepted. These big animals and deer have become very numerous within the Park during recent years. In many of the small streams and lakes various varieties of trout, especially the eastern brook variety, have been planted, and now the lovers of this delightful sport can find many crystal lakes and streams to fish in.



Photo by Boysen, Yosemite.

PIUTE AND PAPOOSE.

GENERAL VALLEY NOTES

Of Especial Interest to Visitors

One of the most interesting features at the guardian's office is the Great Register of the Valley. All visitors are invited to register here, and to also write something in the "remarks column." In the latter have been written some of the grandest and most interesting things about the Yosemite. You can spend hours reading the comments. The register opened in '89 was filled last year, and another one is now there. However, the old one is there, too, and it is the one you should study.

The Merced River is full of native (rainbow) trout, and there are many Eastern brook trout, too, in it. But the trout of the Yosemite are knowing, and unless you are something of an expert, you may not have the pleasure of hooking many of the speckled beauties. Worms are usually used for bait up to about the first of July; after that, fly-hooks. Fishing is much better in the Little Yosemite, in which have been planted Eastern brook and Lake Tahoe trout.

The Yosemite season opens April 1, and continues up to November 1. During that time the mail and express is daily from Wawona and Raymond. During the balance of the year, the winter months, the mail is brought in three times a week, *via* the Merced River trail. It is carried on horseback. About twenty people, young and old, remain here during the winter. The snowfall on the floor of the Valley during the past winter was five feet, being the heaviest of any season during the past twelve years. This means great, roaring waterfalls late in the season.

"Yosemite" means a "grizzly bear," and it was the name of the tribe of Indians occupying the Valley when discovered, in '51. Possibly the simple-minded natives, recognizing the grizzly bear as the largest of animals, and also knowing the Yosemite as the biggest gorge in the mountains, took this name.

The Yosemite Chapel is non-sectarian, and all visiting ministers are invited to hold services in it. It was built by the California Sunday-school Association. It is now located at the village, having been removed from its former site, at the base of the Sentinel, during the fall of 1901. Many of the great preachers of the world have held serv-

ices within the walls of this unique and interesting little chapel.

There is a good public school here, located about a half mile above the village, on the road to Camp Curry and the power-house. The term lasts for at least six months during each season, commencing about the first Monday in May. There are about twenty children in attendance, many of them coming from the families that remain here during the season. Miss Nettie R. Craign will have charge of the school during this season. She also held the same position during the past season. She is very popular with both parents and children.

The wonderful carbon pictures of the "Tourist" (Foley's) Studio are made here in the dark rooms in the rear of the studio. We do the work ourself, and feel a little bit proud of the fact that we are the first person to do such work in the Yosemite. The process is a difficult one, and usually the pictures are very much more expensive than those made by the other processes. We have, however, put a price upon this class of work that makes it but a little more expensive than the cheaper class of pictures. We also have a full stock of those wonderful and flexible papers, bromide and velox, on hand. Our sea-green carbon transparencies, too, are gems of the art photographic. And they are not any more expensive than the ordinary black and white ones.

The local telephone runs from the guardian's office to the Sentinel Hotel, Camps Yosemite and Curry, Coffman & Kenney's livery stable, and Glacier Point. It is for the use of the public, and messages are free. The state pays for the rental of the machines.

The Yosemite headquarters of the Sierra Club are located opposite the office of the guardian. This club is a San Francisco organization, and its mission is to open up the Sierras to visitors and to preserve the great forests of the range. It also encourages mountain climbing. The club rooms here are in charge of a competent person during the midsummer months. Visitors can profitably spend some time here. Here, too, is where reliable information can be had concerning trips to the High Sierras.

Mr. J. F. Stevens, of Fresno, is the present guardian, having held the position during the past three years. The

guardian is appointed by the board of commissioners at their annual meeting, held here in June.

Of the original Yosemite band of Indians that once owned this Valley, and numbered its braves by the hundreds, there are now remaining but a baker's dozen. These are of the Digger tribe, and they remain here only during the warm months. At other times they move down the river below the snow line. Many of the Indians now here belong to their enemies, the sturdy Piutes, from across the Sierras. All of both tribes are fairly industrious, the bucks doing all sorts of work, while the squaws spend their time making baskets. The elder of the former usually follow trout fishing. The present leader of the Yosemites is Captain Dick, whose "quarters" are near the foot of the Yosemite Falls.

There is a good meat market here now, at the Sentinel Hotel. If you do not find the pleasant young gentleman who has charge of it (he had last year, and no doubt will also have the same during this), why, call at the office of the hotel.

The average height of the walls is about 3,000 feet. They are not continuous, being intersected by many angles and gaps, points and domes. The walls in many places are perpendicular.

The question is frequently asked, "Which is correct, Yosemite, or Yo Semite?" Custom and good usage say the former. All of the great magazines and papers of the world use the single word, Yosemite. The late Mr. Hutchings, almost alone, used the latter (Yo Semite) in all his writings. He may have been right.

A cemetery is usually not a most pleasant spot to pass an hour, yet the Yosemite Cemetery is, possibly, an exception. It is located at the mouth of Indian Canyon, and is about a half mile from the bridge at the hotel. One of the most interesting features here is the lot of Mr. Galen Clark, the discoverer of the Mariposa Big Trees, and for many years the faithful guardian of Yosemite. Mr. Clark cares lovingly for this lot. He has planted two or more young Sequoias from the Mariposa Grove, and they show a thrifty and healthy grove. Besides these there are a number of wild and tame flowers, for he is a lover of these, too. During the dry months he cares tenderly for his mute friends—the Sequoias and flowers.

Travel to this Valley is increasing very rapidly from year to year. Up to last season, and during the previous twenty years it had averaged from 3,000 to 5,000 per



Photo by Alan Dove, New York.

A "NATIVE" DAUGHTER.

year. Last season the total number of visitors was between 6,500 and 7,000, and this year promises even to break that record. About one-half of the visitors come here over the three stage routes, 200 wheel in, and 100 or more walk, using donkeys to carry their outfits. The balance drive here in their own rigs. The great national conventions to be held in this state during this summer will send many visitors here.

PLACES OF BUSINESS

The wants of the visitors are well supplied among the different places of business here. Considering the necessarily high freight rates, the cost of supplies can not be thought at all high. No one is allowed to engage in business here without a permit from the Yosemite commissioners. With the exception of the Sentinel Hotel, Jorgensen's Studio, and possibly Coffman & Kenney's livery stable, all permits are made out for only one year. Four years is the limit of the exceptions to this rule. All buildings belong to the state, except the chapel.

Yosemite has the best general merchandise store of its history. It is now owned by Mr. Nelson L. Salter, ever genial, jovial, and witty, he having purchased the interest of J. B. Garibaldi during the past winter. The many friends of Mr. Garibaldi regret that his interests at Merced and elsewhere now demand his undivided attention, for it has been through his work and capital that we now have a store worthy of the place. Mr. Salter will now combine his former business, that of furnishing complete camping outfits, at a fair rental, with his store interests. If you do not want to haul your tents, stoves, mattresses, cots, dishes, provisions, etc., to the Yosemite, why, arrange to rent all these from Mr. Salter. If you desire, he will have everything in readiness for you upon your arrival. Write him for fuller particulars.

Chris Jorgensen, the well-known artist of San Francisco, has his new studio near the hotel. It is on the opposite side of the river, and a short distance above the bridge. As the building was built according to his own plans and designs, it is one of the most unique and artistic studios on the coast. He, and Mrs. Jorgensen, too, have carefully selected all the furnishing and furniture, and here again is noted the display of that excellent taste and judgment with which their work has been done. The studio is open every evening, and usually during the day. All visitors are welcome.



Photo by D. H. Wulzen S. F.

JØRGENSEN STUDIO AND RIVER.

The pioneer photographer here is Mr. Geo. Fiske. His residence, or "den," and dark room are near the base of the great Sentinel Rock, about a mile below the village. His studio, however, is in a part of the Sierra Club rooms, opposite the guardian's office. During a residence here of twenty years, including nearly all the winters, Mr. Fiske has secured many pictures that are gems of the photographic art. His snow, cloud, and storm effects have few equals in the photographic world.

One of the very attractive and interesting places of business is Boysen's Studio, located between the "Tourist" Studio and the general merchandise store. Here you will find displayed photographs of all sizes, from a kodak up to a bromide enlargement of 16x20, or larger. You will find it an interesting place to spend an hour.

The Hallett-Taylor Co., Inc., consisting of J. B. Landfield, A. M. Cooley, Wm. Crittenden, Harold Taylor and E. R. Hallett, have an interesting studio at the "Sign of the Three Arrows," under the management of Mr. Taylor.

Within its large, well-lighted rooms can be found many of the best and most artistic pictures of the Yosemite. This was formerly the Lippincott Studio, this firm having purchased his interests during the past winter.

The office of the Raymond-Wawona route is at the hotel, while that of the Merced-Santa Fe is at the Hallett-Taylor Studio.

There are a number of places where laundry work is done, and good bread and pastry supplied the hungry. A call at this or the guardian's office will give you their names.

You will find a large collection of native Indian baskets at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Atkinson, opposite the guardian's office. Mrs. Atkinson is an untiring collector of the basket work of the Yosemite and Piute Indians.

The barber shop and club house are connected with the Sentinel Hotel.

Camp Curry, a hotel camp, is well located under the heights of that mighty rock, Glacier Point. It is about a mile above the village, en route to the power-house and Happy Isles. During the past season Camp Curry accommodated 800 visitors. You will find Mr. and Mrs. Curry pleasant and popular host and hostess. The rates last

season at this camp were \$2.00 per day, \$12 per week, and no doubt they will be about the same during this.

One of the most interesting places for the visitor to visit is Starke's native wood store. It is located near the chapel, at the village, adjoining the Hallett-Taylor Studio. Mr. Starke is an artist. He has made a special study of the native woods of this section and Santa Barbara, and he has combined these beautiful woods into the most unique and artistic gems. He has a table which he values at \$2,000, now at Santa Barbara. He may ship it to his place of business here, now that he has a room suitable for it.

One of the necessary places of business is the blacksmith shop, about a mile up the Valley from the guardian's office, on the north side of the river. W. E. Campbell is the smithy in charge.

The Livery and Saddle Train Co., of Coffman & Kenney, is located on the Royal Arch grounds, a mile from the office of the guardian. Here they care for a hundred or more horses and mules, good, careful animals for both road and trail trips. During the past twenty years this firm has carried 50,000 visitors over the Yosemite trails, and during all those years they have never had a serious accident. Such a record can not be found elsewhere. You will find Mr. Kenney at the hotel every afternoon and evening, and he will be pleased to give you full information concerning the various trips.

This firm will hereafter make a specialty of personally conducting camping parties to the Hetch Hetchy and the High Sierras. The latter trips will be commenced as soon as the snow will permit, usually about July 1. The former can be visited at almost any time during the season of travel.

There is but one hotel, the Sentinel, now here, the Stoneman having been destroyed by fire in August, '96. Mr. J. B. Cook is the proprietor of the Sentinel. The service here is good, and the rates fair, when distance from railroad points is considered. About 200 guests can now be accommodated at the Sentinel at one time. Camp Yosemite, located to the right of the Yosemite Falls, and within ten minutes' walk of the hotel, is under Mr. Cook's management. Those who prefer camp life can find here an ideal spot to spend their vacation. It is located on the former site of the sawmill built for Mr. Hutchings in early times by John Muir, the now famous writer and glacier explorer. The average rates at the Sentinel are from \$3.00 to \$4.00 a day, and at the camp, \$2.00. Both weekly

and monthly rates at hotel and camp are considerably less than above. For more definite information, call on or write to Mr. Cook. Camp Yosemite will open May 15, and will remain open until August 15. It will be in charge of Miss Hicky, of San Francisco, who was in charge during most of last year. She is a good hostess, and the guests of Camp Yosemite are fortunate in having her in charge.

The dining-room was enlarged and a good bath-house built here after the close of the season of 1901.

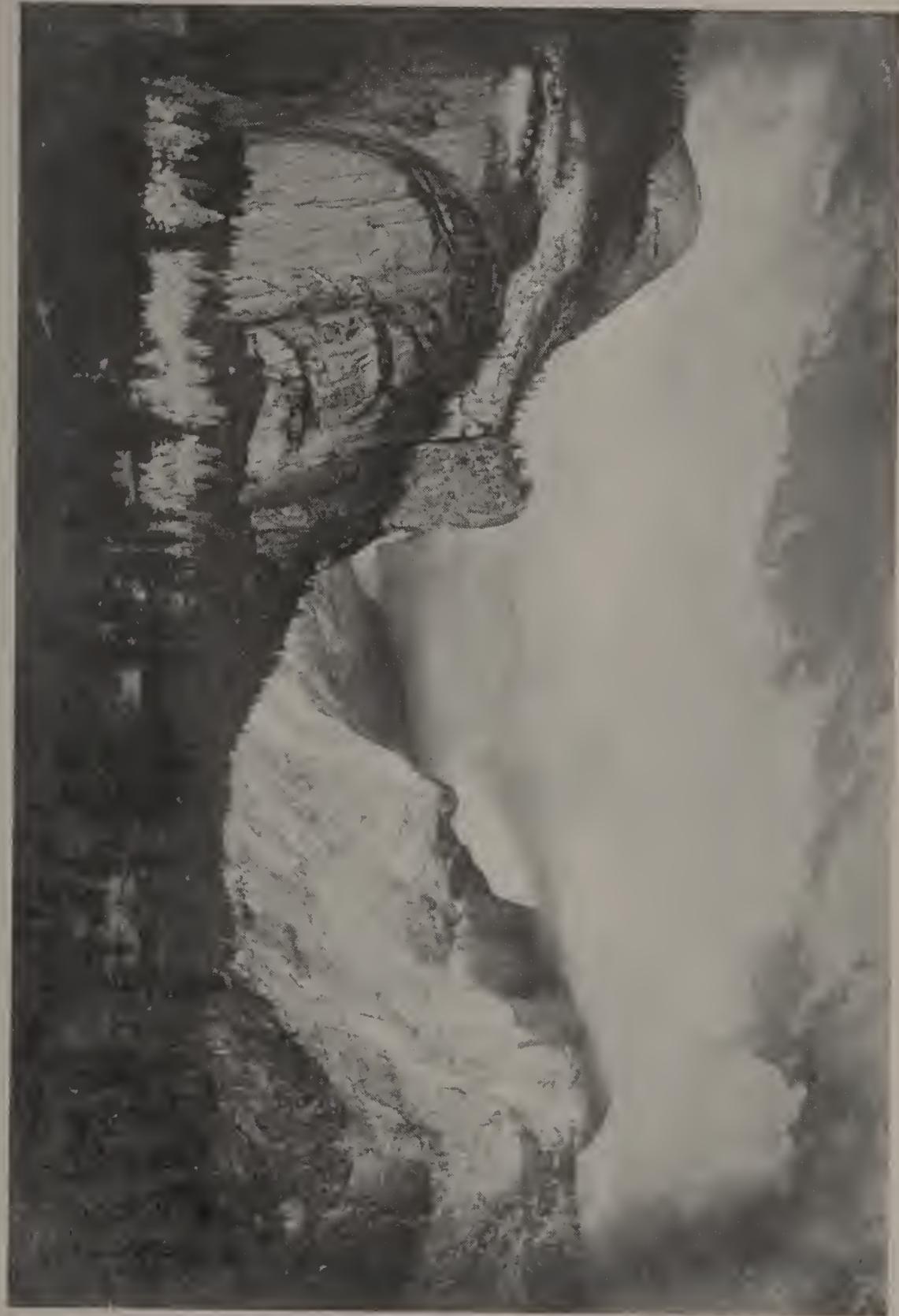
During the season of 1901 a public pavilion was built here. It is located on the river bank, near the guardian's office. It is well lighted by electricity. Though used for all sorts of public doings, it was built especially for the dancing socials held here twice a week during the summer and fall months. The building is well finished, a credit to the commissioners.

The H. C. Best Studio, near the guardian's office, is one of the interesting places of the Yosemite. Mr. Best is a well-known painter of San Francisco, having spent the past two seasons here sketching and studying Yosemite in all its ever-changing moods. He has a good collection of paintings of the Yosemite and the big trees. Here, too, are to be found, in charge of Mrs. Best, a full line of photographs and photo novelties, made by Putnam & Valentine, of Los Angeles.

The telegraph, express, and post-office are located in the building between the hotel and the guardian's office. During the winter months, November to April, we have a tri-weekly mail, carried on horseback, *via* Merced River trail. From April to November the mail and express is daily, *via* Raymond and Wawona. The mail is carried upon the regular stages, due to arrive and depart at noon. The express and papers are carried on the "Limited."

Yosemite has now a first-class electric light plant, located at the Happy Isles, two miles above the village. It was completed last year, and cost about \$30,000. It is the intention of the commissioners (for this is state property) to extend it to different parts of the camping grounds at an early date. The rate charged last fall was about 65 cents per light, except for the hotel, which was a flat rate of \$150 per month. The plant was kept running all winter, between twilight and ten o'clock. Mr. Currie, a competent engineer, has charge of the same.

Photo by D. J. Foley



CLOUD EFFECTS ON THE DOMES.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.



Photo by D. J. Foley.

"Tourist" Studio, Yosemite.

"CAPTAIN" PAUL.

A native of Yosemite, 100 years old.

OUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS

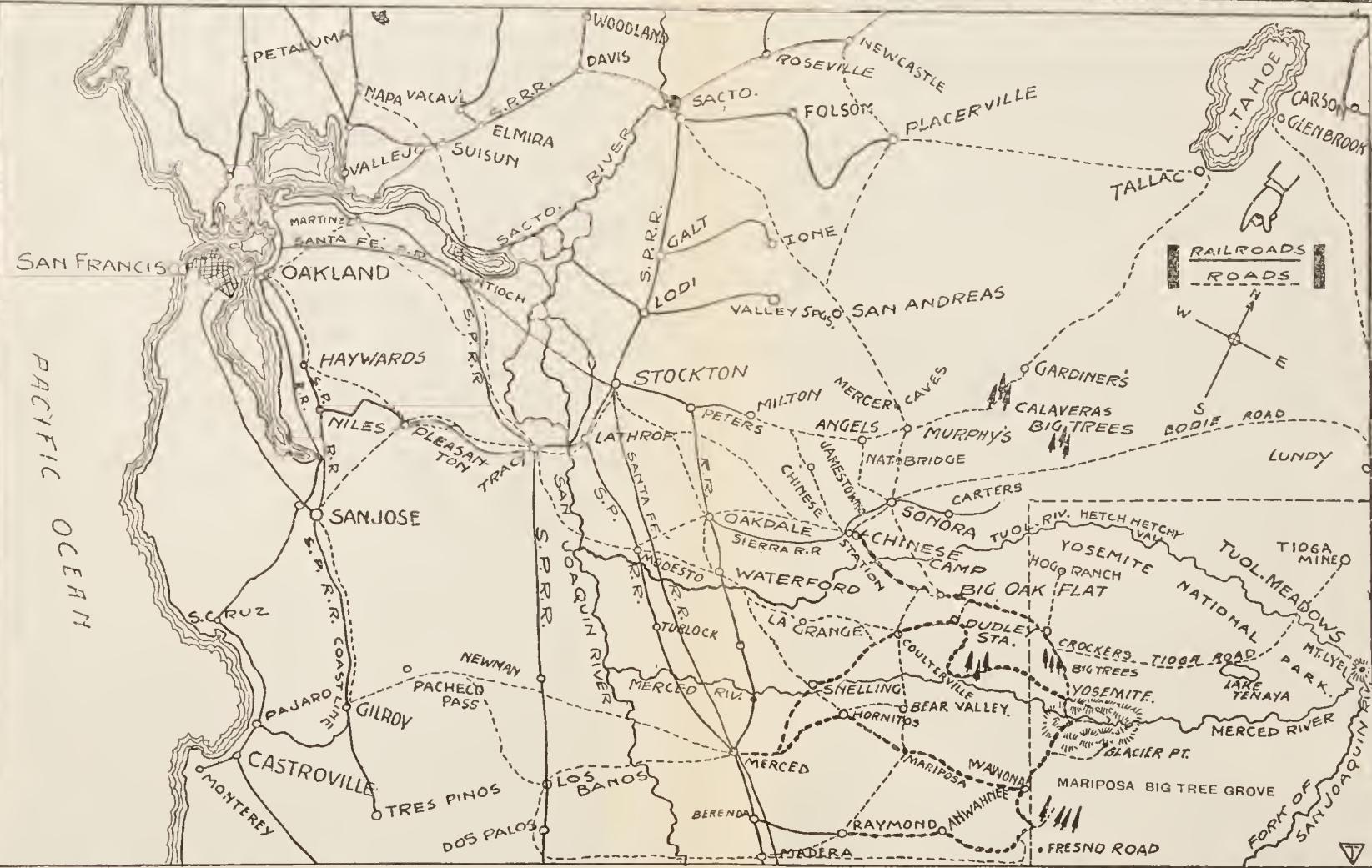
"No other hour of life," says Charles Wesley Kyle, "has furnished a tithe of the education and elevating instruction which was crowded into this, our first view of the Valley. The enchanting paths of pleasure here terminate only at the limit of one's capacity to grasp and comprehend. It was a June afternoon that we visited this wonderful spot. The rain was gently falling, and the mist-clouds rolled in feathery blue-gray banks along every gorge, hanging over cliff and peak. We were descending on the Oak Flat road, and spread out before us was a scene beside which the imagery of a Haggard limps painfully. It was preeminent in grandeur, powerful and sublime beyond conception. All preconceived ideas are utterly demolished by this one first glance. Away down, thousands of feet below us, in the bed of the Valley, comes the winding Merced River, gleaming through the mists like a silver tracing, fringed by green groves of pine, oak, and cedar. We moved on; silence held audience, broken only by the lovely little cascades which came laughing down the mountain and leaping into the roadway, over fern-nodding and moss-painted rocks. Alert with expectancy, wonder, and admiration, and a resultant feeling of tumultuous delight, we slowly continued our winding descent into the Valley. At every step new and unique wonders were revealed, startling, soothing, astounding. The marvelous greatness was too colossal, the beauty too unique, the shocks arising from the unexpectedness of the revelations followed each other in successions too rapid to permit the mind to steady itself long enough for the grapnels to secure an anchorage for contemplation. Down, down, down, led the winding stairway upon the narrow shelving, lapping fold over fold, presenting from its rapidly-changing position on the canyon's side a different point of observation, from which the same scenes presented constantly-changing features. Now you reach the clean, level, sanded floor of the Valley; the great walls tower above you on every hand in awful grandeur; they seem to lean inward and over you. Shut in from the world, the green floor of the Valley, the gray granite of the majestic walls, and the strip of blue at the zenith, only are visible. You are in the bridal chamber of the King. A deep feeling of reverential awe steals through the senses, and you move with care lest your presence should mar or in some manner destroy

the dazzling brilliancy and delicate broidery of this royal palace. Colossal towers, dizzying spires, and palatial domes, all cloud-wrapped, snow-capped, and sky-mantled, overtop the whole, and render impressive beyond the power of speech to describe the effect which crushes with mountain weight upon the mind."

YOSEMITE IN WINTER

The first falls of snow in the Sierras generally occur in November, but they do not come to stay; they are but fleeting messengers, and, having announced the approach of winter, are soon put to flight by the lingering god of the tropics, who still tries to maintain supremacy over his rival of the Arctic Zone. But it is his final effort to keep back the legions of the north. By the end of December snow hides from sight all but the forms of the mountains, covering them with a vast winding sheet. Only the mighty trees toss from their wind-shaken branches the white deposit, which oftentimes with its unyielding weight snaps their great boughs.

Owing to the retreat of the sun southward, and the immense height of the walls of the Yosemite, there is a considerable difference between the climate on the north and south side of the valley during the winter. While on the south wall the sun never shines during this season, and a chilling shadow is constantly cast over that portion of the valley, the rays of the winter sun fall upon the surface of the northern elevation almost at right angles with its plane. As a consequence, the weather on that side is mellow and mild, and in sheltered nooks among the warm rocks flowers are observed to bloom every month in the year. Nor is the frost severe even on the shaded side. Mr. Muir gives the average temperature for twenty-four days in January, at 9:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M., as 32 degrees Fahrenheit, the minimum being 22 degrees and the maximum 45 degrees 5 seconds above zero. This shadow side is naturally in strong contrast with the bright, cheerful aspect during clear days of the northern part of the valley, whither resort the few winter birds that make their home therein. These comprise the water ouzel and the robin, woodpeckers and kingfishers, wrens and finches. There are also flocks of bluebirds and several species of ducks.



OUTLINE MAP OF ROUTES TO YOSEMITE

MAP OF ROUTES TO YOSEMITE

Distances from Yosemite Valley

RAYMOND ROUTE

To Inspiration Point	8 miles
To Chinquapin, where road forks for Glacier Point	16 miles
(It is about 13 miles from here to the latter.)	
To Wawona	26 miles
To Fish Camp	31 miles
To Miami Mills	34 miles
To Ahwahnee	38 miles
To Grub Gulch	46 miles
To Raymond	60 miles

Notes.—Fresno Flats is 17 miles from summit, above Fish Camp, and Coarse Gold is 24 miles from same point. This road leads off to the left a short distance beyond Fish Camp. The distance from Yosemite to Fresno, via Fresno Flats, is 110 miles; Madera, 95, and Los Angeles about 380 miles.

VIA WAWONA, MARIPOSA, AND MERCED

Yosemite to Wawona	26 miles
Yosemite to Summit of Chowchilla Mt	31 miles
Yosemite to Cold Springs	38 miles
Yosemite to Mariposa	55 miles
Yosemite to Princeton	60 miles
Yosemite to Hornitos	73 miles
Yosemite to Merced	95 miles
Yosemite to Snelling (via Hornitos)	77 miles

Notes.—From Snelling you can reach either Modesto or Stockton. In going to either points beware of the sandy roads. Keep on the red lands east of the railroad.

COULTERVILLE ROUTE

Yosemite to Cascade Falls	8 miles
Yosemite to Big Meadows	12 miles
Yosemite to Merced Grove of Big Trees	21 miles
Yosemite to Hazel Green	24 miles
Yosemite to Wenger's Ranch	34 miles
Yosemite to Bower Cave	37 miles
Yosemite to Dudley's	42 miles
Yosemite to Coulterville	50 miles

DISTANCES—Continued

Yosemite to Baxter's (P. O.)	58 miles
Yosemite to Mercéd Falls	68 miles
Yosemite to Snelling	73 miles
Yosemite to Merced	92 miles

VIA LA GRANGE AND MODESTO

Yosemite to La Grange (via Coulterville)	73 miles
Yosemite to Robert's Ferry	83 miles
Yosemite to Waterford	90 miles
Yosemite to Modesto	102 miles
Yosemite to Oakdale (via La Grange)	98 miles
Yosemite to Stockton (via La Grange and Oakdale)	125 miles

OAK FLAT ROUTE

Yosemite to top of grade at Gentry's	8 miles
Yosemite to Tamarack Flat	11 miles
Yosemite to Crane Flat	16 miles
Yosemite to Tuolumne Big Trees	17 miles
Yosemite to Hodgdon's Ranch	22 miles
Yosemite to Crocker's	25 miles
Yosemite to Colfax Springs (Toll House)	33 miles
Yosemite to Hamilton's	36 miles
Yosemite to Groveland	45 miles
Yosemite to Big Oak Flat	47 miles
Yosemite to Priest's	48 miles
Yosemite to Chinese Camp	56 miles
Yosemite to Chinese Station	58 miles
Yosemite to Stockton (via Knight's Ferry)	120 miles
Yosemite to San Francisco (via this route)	210 miles

Notes.—Parties frequently desire to return via Sonora, Columbia, Murphy's, and the Calaveras Big Trees. The distances from Chinese Camp to various points along this route are: Chinese Camp to Jamestown, 6 miles; Jamestown to Sonora, 4 miles; Sonora to Columbia, 3 miles; Columbia to Parrott's Ferry, 5 miles; Parrott's Ferry to Murphy's, 10 miles; Murphy's to Calaveras Big Trees, 16 miles. This makes the total distance from Yosemite to the trees at about 100 miles. Stockton, via Angels Camp, is from 60 to 70 miles from the Calaveras Big Trees. Sacramento, via Murphy's and Sheep Ranch (inquire at Murphy's as to the most direct route), is about the same distance. Parties en route to Lake Tahoe can continue on from the Calaveras Trees. The Natural Bridge, beyond Parrott's Ferry and the Mercer Cave at Murphy's are places well worth a visit.

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ROUTES TO YOSEMITE

There are now but two regular stage lines to the Yosemite, the Raymond-Wawona and the Merced-Santa Fe, the Big Oak Flat line having retired from the field. The Raymond line carries the mail and express, commencing the first Monday in April and continuing until the first of November. The Merced line starts about the same time. The Raymond line is known as the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Co., with headquarters at Wawona. Mr. E. P. Washburn is the superintendent of the company, succeeding the late A. H. Washburn. Mr. A. S. Mann, 613 Market St., San Francisco, is the general agent of the company.

The Merced Transportation Co., Merced, Cal., have charge of the Merced-Santa Fe Route, the general ticket



"I'M GOING TO YOSEMITE, TOO."

office being at the office of the Santa Fe Railroad Co., 641 Market St., San Francisco. It is in charge of Mr. E. R. Hallett. D. K. Stoddard is president and manager of the company at Merced. All of the roads leading to the Yosemite are toll roads. On the Oak Flat and the Merced-Santa Fe roads the rates are \$1.00 for each person in the vehicle; on the Wawona road the rate is \$2.25 for each horse, and half rates if you return over same route. Saddle horses are 50 cents each.

Nearly all of each of these routes lies within the lines of the Yosemite National Park. As it is not to the credit of Uncle Sam to collect tolls on his people's property, a strong effort is being made to purchase all the roads by the general government. A commission has already reported favorably upon the same. The lines of the Park, by the way, extend to Wawona on that road, near Hazel Green on the Merced-Santa Fe, and to a short distance beyond Crocker's on the Oak Flat.

The Raymond Route

The Yosemite branch of the Southern Pacific leaves the main line at Berenda, and runs up to Raymond, 22 miles. Tourists usually arrive here at about 6 o'clock in the morning, and breakfast at the Bowen Hotel. They leave here an hour later, lunching at Ahwahnee, a popular, pleasant resort, arriving at Wawona that evening. Commencing the first of May, the "Limited" leaves Raymond at the same hour, reaching the Yosemite that evening. This road has been oiled for about 30 miles, and the oiling will be extended to Wawona during this season. The oil makes the road absolutely dustless, and almost as smooth as Van Ness Avenue in San Francisco.

The Raymond (Yosemite) Pullman leaves San Francisco at 11:25 P. M., arriving, as noted above, at Raymond at about 6 o'clock. It is side-tracked at Berenda during latter part of the night, leaving there for Raymond at about 4:30 A. M.

If the Mariposa Big Trees are not visited en route in, the trip is made upon the return to Wawona from the Valley. The regular returning stages leave Yosemite at 1 P. M., the "Limited" leaving in the morning. The distance from Yosemite to Raymond is 60 miles; Madera, 95 miles; Fresno, 110 miles; and Los Angeles, about 380 miles.

Camping or other parties who have entered the Yosemite *via* one of the northern roads, and who want to reach Modesto or Stockton upon their return, and who desire



Photo by D. H. Wulzen, S. F.

INDIAN CACHES AND SENTINEL.

to visit the Mariposa Big Trees, the state grove, can do so without losing over two days of time. They can drive to Wawona the first day and leave their camping outfit there, and then drive up to the Trees, eight miles distant. They can spend a full day at the Trees, or they can make it in about a half day. From Wawona they go to Mariposa, and from there to Hornitos and Snelling. From the latter place they can reach Modesto or Stockton. Should they want to get back upon the Oak Flat road, at Priest's, they can go from Mariposa over to Coulterville, and from there to Priest's. They will find much of interest about Mariposa, for the old Fremont Grant has recently passed into new hands, and there are evidences of the new mining life upon all sides.

The Coulterville Road.

You can reach this road from any point between Merced and Modesto, and the distance to either of these places is about 95 miles. Coulterville is 45 miles from here, and the mining interests of that section make it an interesting point for strangers. Bower's Cave, 35 miles from here, and the Merced Group of Big Trees of about 50, are the chief attractions of this route. Dudley's, Bower Cave, Hazel Green, and the Big Meadows, are places where accommodations can be had for man and beast. This road enters the Yosemite at the Cascades. Stages on this line connect with the Santa Fe at Merced.

The Oak Flat Route.

This can well be called the most popular northern route to the Yosemite. It is the route traveled by nearly all the visitors from the bay counties and the northern part of the state. It commences at Chinese Station, on the Sierra Railroad, about two miles from Chinese Camp. The latter is now only about fifty-two miles from the Yosemite, for a new "cut off" has recently been made, which shortens it some four miles. Chinese Station, Chinese Camp, Priest's, Groveland, Smith's Ranch, Hamilton's, and Crocker's are good, home-like places, where accommodations can be had for man or animals.

Those who desire to visit the Calaveras Big Trees on the return trip go from either Groveland or Chinese Camp over to Sonora, and then from there to Murphy's, *via* Parrott's Ferry and the Natural Bridge. The grove is sixteen miles above Murphy's Camp. Near the latter is the famous and worthy Mercer Cave. Upon the return trip from the Trees, a visit can be made to the mines at

Angels Camp. From here you can easily reach Stockton or other Valley points. If a camping party, it will take you at least two days and a half to reach the Trees from Chinese Camp; but if you can spare the time, it will well repay you, for the whole country is full of interest for the visitor. All who have ever been over the Oak Flat Route will well remember the famous Priest Hill. In less than 3 miles, it rises nearly 1,800 feet.

Stockton is 120 miles from Yosemite *via* this route.

Take Your Choice of Route

Parties in their own vehicles can take their choice of the Chinese and Big Oak Flat, Modesto and Coulterville, Merced and Coulterville, Merced and Mariposa *via* Wawona, Raymond to Wawona and Fresno, or Madera and Wawona. Location will suggest which to take.

Visitors from San Jose and points south to Salinas, usually come through the Pacheco Pass *via* Newman and Merced, or *via* Madera and Wawona.

RAYMOND TO YOSEMITE

"The pilgrim who approaches this mighty shrine," writes Col. J. P. Irish, formerly secretary of the Yosemite commissioners, "like the faithful who seek Mecca, must endure somewhat, but the way is not barren of scenes that soften hardship. Approached by this justly popular route, the way lies by Raymond in the foot-hills, where the railway stops on the first high step of the stairway, that may be climbed 10,000 feet to Clouds' Rest, the loftiest of Yosemite's summits proper. The traveler leaves Raymond in the comfortable coach in the early morn, and faces the mountain wall of the Sierras. Away up the range can be seen the summit of the Chowchilla (Mount), 5,000 or more feet above sea, that must be crossed ere the night's rest and refreshment at Wawona. If the season be between April and July, the wayside is gay with flowers. Their stars and circles light all the slopes and levels with many-colored constellations. The brave crested quail pipes for its mate, and the wood-pecker, wise provider, drums tirelessly at the bark of the

trees, to make storage holes for the crop of acorns which is to feed him and his feathered family through the coming year.

"As Ahwahnee is neared for the nooning, we find the Mariposa lily, white, pink, and purple, and bearing on each petal the picture of the butterfly, the Mariposa, which has its habitat here. The miner has left his mark at 'Grub Gulch,' the scene of a once active mining district.

The 'V' Lumber Flume

"The first day the traveler looks over steep banks to the foaming Fresno River, and sees for miles the 'V' flume, down which lumber is floated 75 miles from a sawmill far up in the mountains to Madera, on the line of the Southern Pacific. During the afternoon the Miami Mills are passed, and the name marks the owner, Dr. Cassell, an Eastern man, for he imports the name of an extinct tribe.

"In the morning the timber was small oak and ragged-appearing pine. But the forest has thickened; the kinds of trees that compose it have changed. The humble digger pine and starveling white oak have given place to the yellow pine, plated with great scales of embossed bark, and to the beautiful chinquapin oak, with its viny limbs and abundant foliage. As the summit of the day's climbing is reached, the sugar pine, greatest of that family of conifers, from its footing in the granite rises above all its companions, overtopping the forest, yielding primacy only to the Sequoias.

"In the afternoon the stage passes the summit and plunges down the zigzags, by Fish Camp, leading to the night station. Night is already in the profound canyons while the summits are glistening in the sun. Far up the rugged side of its northern wall, the falls of Chilnualna wave like a white banner. At last Wawona is reached, and supper and repose. Sitting before the great fire-places of the hotel, the genial surroundings drive off fatigue.

Off for the Yosemite

"For the second day's journey (half day only), the stage is taken after breakfast, and soon the climbing begins. The Yosemite and Wawona are both 4,000 feet above sea,

but between them two summits must be climbed and crossed. One of these, Chinquapin, reaches an elevation of 6,500 feet. Often from the stage a doe or fawn may be seen gliding into covert, or an antlered buck will face the strange invader of his pasture, and vanish in a single bound. Quite often bear tracks are seen upon the road, and occasionally a bear. All this adds to the feeling that at last one is beyond and above man's artificial dominion.

"Things otherwise trivial become noteworthy now. The beautiful fox-squirrel frisks and scampers to his tree, hurried by the delighted outcries from the stage, and the tiny chipmunk must wonder why he gets so loud a greeting as he sits upright and breakfasts on the acorn held between his paws. In the blue sky above, that seems so near and so vital now, a bald-eagle poises, or the condor of the Sierras floats on motionless wings, and never did birds seem so interesting before.

"Far below, first 1,000, then 2,000, then 3,000 feet, the South Fork foams on its way to join in the main stream the waters that come boasting of their leap of thousands of feet down over the ramparts of the Yosemite. At first the river spoke in many voices, but these have mellowed into one, and it into a whisper, and now height and distance have left that below, and the white stream is seen and not heard. The stations are reached and passed with change of horses. Observe it all, for on this Yosemite road is the greatest staging in the world."

CHINESE TO YOSEMITE

From the moment you leave the cars of the Sierra Railroad at Chinese Station, or, if in your own vehicle, Chinese Camp, until you begin the descent of the Yosemite grade at Gentry's, and rounding a turn in the road at "Oh My!" and Inspiration Points, two or three days later, view the wonders of the great gorge below you, there is a succession of surprises and delights that make the trip so pleasant that you almost regret that this first view of Yosemite is also the last hour of a day long to be remembered. Chinese Camp is an interesting old mining camp, whose glories have departed forever. We tarry not long here, for there is much of more interest ahead of us. Within about 7 miles is the famous Priest Hill, that rises 1,800 feet in 3 miles, and it is hot at any time of day, if there is any heat in these parts.

After leaving Chinese Camp, we are soon brought to the "Old Tuolumne" River, whose historical associations have endeared it to all Californians. Driving rapidly along its banks, we pass through Jacksonville and other mining camps. Within five years these now prosperous camps were almost entirely deserted. Now this whole country is teeming with life, mills and mines being seen on all sides. Interesting is this section to the visitor. You see many mines and mills in operation from the stage, among them being the Longfellow, Moody, Republic, Criss-cross, and Shawmut-Eagle.

Now we are descending Moccasin Creek, famous in the days of gold, and next we come to the foot of the famous Priest Hill. The road is good, but very steep. In due time you reach the summit, and, if you stop at this popular resort, you can be sure of a good meal and pleasant reception. Big Oak Flat, Groveland, and Garote, all within the next two or three miles, are the next points of interest.

These towns have taken on a new lease of life during the past three years, and so are now lively mining towns. On all sides are mines and mills. Some few evidences are yet visible of the "old days," when fortunes were mined out here within a few weeks. This was done in the days of the placer or gravel mining; now everything is quartz. Interesting will this part of the journey be to the Easterner or Californian. Smith's Ranch, Hamilton's, and Elwell's, wayside stations, where accommodations can be had for man and beast, are passed in succession. The power-house and ditch of the Merced Mining Co., whose mines are at Coulterville, about 15 miles away, are passed during the forenoon. Power is transmitted to their mines from the power-house, and is there used to run their mills, hoisting works, etc. Slowly we are ascending the west side of the great Sierran Range, with its magnificent forests and crystal streams. During most of this trip the Tuolumne River can be seen off to the left. As Colonel Irish well says elsewhere: "Far below, first 1,000, then 2,000, and then 3,000 feet, the river foams on its way. At first it spoke in many voices; but these have mellowed into one, and it into a whisper; now height and distance have left that far below, and the white stream is seen and not heard." Wild, rugged, almost untrodden by man, is the great sweep of the Sierras off to the north. A short distance this side of Crocker's you come to the lines of the Yosemite National Park, and then within a few moments you are at Crocker's. This charming spot is at an altitude of 4,500 feet above sea level.

Crocker's an Ideal Summer Resort

This cheerful and home-like place is located twenty-five miles from the Yosemite, and about the same distance from Priest's. There are few places in the Sierras where one would like to linger longer than here. Not only is the table well supplied, but it is also exclusively of the home sort so much sought for by the traveling public. Then, too, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker and their daughter, Miss Celia, have an abundance of that old-fashioned and genuine Californian hospitality, for which this state is noted. The South Fork of the Tuolumne near by furnishes good trout fishing.

Points of Interest Made from Here

The other Yosemite, Hetch Hetchy Valley, in the canyon of the Tuolumne, is but sixteen miles to the north, and a good part of this can be made in a wagon, the end of the road being at the Hog Ranch. Though without many of the famous wonders of the Yosemite, this valley, too, is well worth a visit. Crocker's, too, is the starting-point for Lake Tenaya, the Soda Springs, Tuolumne Meadows, and Tioga mine.

A short distance beyond Crocker's, you commence the final climb before making the descent into the Valley of the Yosemite. The summit is 7,500 feet above sea. Before reaching this point, however, we pass the Hodgdon Ranch, the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees, and Crane Flat, the latter once a prominent stopping-place for Yosemite visitors. The crest of the ridge is the division line between Tuolumne and Mariposa Counties, and it is also the watershed dividing the Merced and Tuolumne Rivers.

“King of the Big Trees”

One branch of the “Double Loop” of the Merced-Santa Fe route joins the Big Oak Flat road, near the grove, and runs over it to Yosemite. The road passes through the “Dead Giant” of this grove. This once great tree, commonly called “King of the Big Trees,” is yet a monster, though but a charred stump now remains. Stump though

it is, it has still a diameter of 31 feet, and is well preserved. This tunnel has the honor of being the first ever cut through a Sequoia. There are a number of similar trees in this grove, and they are magnificent specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea*. In a short time we will have reached the highest summit of the trip, 7,500 feet above sea level, and then down, down, down toward the canyon of the Merced, we will be safely and rapidly driven. You now know that you are approaching the end of a day that will long live in memory. You know, too, that the one place you have so often dreamed of, so many times desired to see, is now about to be spread out before your eyes. Tired? No doubt. But the driver refreshes you by saying, "We will soon be there." Gentry's is reached, and the final descent into the Yosemite is commenced. Turn after turn is quickly made, when suddenly, and without any previous warning, you are driven around the last turn, and you are at

"Oh, My!" and Inspiration Points

Well have these been so named. Below is the "River of Mercy," the Merced, a mere streak of silver; to the right is the Bridal Veil, now more beautiful than ever in the deepening shadows of the approaching twilight; while to the left is that most wonderful of all granite columns, grim old El Capitan, 3,300 feet above the Merced, along whose sharply-cut southern face the evening shadows are nearly a mile long. This side is absolutely barren of all vegetation, and it leans, too, toward you 60 or more feet beyond the perpendicular. In the distance, and to the right, we catch a glimpse of the "Watch-tower of the Yosemite," the Sentinel, while 8 miles to the east we plainly see the great Half Dome, now bright and glistening while bathed in the departing rays of the afternoon sun. Within an hour you will have reached the end of your day's sightseeing. Amid the roaring of the Falls of the Valley and the gentle rippling of the Merced, you will pass your first night amid wonders the like of which are not found elsewhere upon earth.

Photo by Taber, S. F.



DEAD GIANT, TUOLUMNE GROVE, (Big Oak Flat Route)

On Double Loop of Merced-Santa Fe Route.

MERCED-SANTA FE ROUTE TO YOSEMITE

In making a pleasure trip one of the important considerations is the route—the points of interest along the way as well as the advantages for your comfort.

The Merced-Santa Fe route takes you through a country, every mile of which presents some point of interest, and it offers you the additional advantage of entering the Yosemite by one road and leaving it by another. This loop, known as the "Double-loop," runs into the Yosemite from Hazel Green over the "Big Oak Flat Road," *via* the Tuolumne Big Trees, and returns over the "Coulterville Road," *via* Cascade Falls, the beautiful Merced Canyon, and the Merced Big Trees.

The Start

The north and south bound trains of the Santa Fe arrive at Merced in time for lunch at the Harvey House, a few rods from the station. Lunch over, you may step over to the cozy little bark cabin office of the Yosemite Transportation Company and look at the curios on exhibition until the stage is ready, when in you go, the whip cracks, and you are off for Yosemite and the Big Trees.

The San Joaquin Valley

The first eighteen miles of the drive are through the level of the San Joaquin, and one will see there the same scenes which inspired the late Frank Norris to write his famous story of California life—"The Octopus," for this is the center of the great wheat-raising district of the San Joaquin.

You pass through the great 60,000 acre ranch of the Crocker estate, and can compare the methods of farming this enormous holding with those used by the owners of the ten to forty acre ranches which dot the landscape beyond. Crossing the placid Merced, of which you will see more later, the road enters the foothills, and a short ride brings you to Webb's, where supper is awaiting the arrival of the stage.

The Foothills

After supper the journey is resumed and each turn of the road rises higher and higher above the valley you have left behind. Below you the swiftly flowing Merced rushes through its rocky channel. If those rocks could speak they could tell you of the fierce rush of

“The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49,”

for the peaceful little valley below you which now furnishes grazing for a cow herd, was once the scene of the wildest excitement, and thousands of eager miners elbowed each other as they washed the rich placer gold from its soil; then came the Chinese, satisfied to do the work over again for the few flakes and nuggets overlooked by the white miners. The placer gold is gone now and a few miles further we drop into the old mining camp of Bandinta, now the interesting little mountain village of Coulterville, which owes its prosperity to the quartz mines in the vicinity. Coulterville was settled in 1852, and is, therefore, one of the oldest towns in California.

The Mines of Coulterville

After a good night's rest in the modern hotel, built last year for the accommodation of increasing Yosemite travel, the early riser will take a walk to the top of the neighboring hill to see the miners and the crooked little railroad which carries the ore from the mine to the smelter down the canyon. This railroad has a gauge of two feet, is three and one-half miles in length, and is claimed to be the crookedest railroad on earth. The largest mine is the Mary Harrison, whose shaft is 1,200 feet deep, and whose product keeps a 100-stamp mill at work day and night.

Bower Cave

After breakfast the journey is resumed and a few hours' ride brings you to the edge of the “Great Sierra Forest.” At nine o'clock you arrive at Bower Cave, and you must not miss visiting this interesting spot. Imagine a great cleft in the earth's crust, a hill torn open and the gap unfulled, and you can imagine the peculiar freak of nature's fancy which made Bower Cave. But nature has made beautiful this gash in her landscape, for at the bottom of this pit is a pool of crystal water, reflecting, like a mirror, the delicate tracery of the ferns which nod above it. Several trees have grown heavenward for a longer period than the lifetime of you or me, in a vain effort to peep out and see what the world is doing. Their trunks and branches are completely covered by the beautiful green moss which has overgrown even the platform at the bottom of the cave, and makes the whole place look like an entrance to Fairyland. Returning from this little jaunt you will find the stage waiting, with a new

team in the harness, and continue your way through the immense forests of gigantic trees to Hazel Green, where, to the soft music of the sighing pines, dinner is eaten.

Double Loop

Hazel Green is at the end of the long loop of the "Double Loop," for here is where the ways part. Less than an hour's ride brings you to the Tuolumne Big Trees and the road passes through the "Dead Giant." After viewing the Big Trees you pass on towards the Valley and suddenly, without warning, a panorama bursts before you, of such magnificence that the wonder of it all leaves you speechless except for the involuntary exclamation, Oh, my! which is the name of the point. This panorama view of the valley shares with the view from the top of the Coulterville grade, which is on the other side of the "Loop," the fame of being one of the grandest mountain views in the world.

The Valley

The descent into the Valley is rapid from here, and El Capitan, 3,300 feet high, seems to block the way as we near the foot of the grade, but the road swerves to the right and dodges the base of this great giant block of granite, and you cross the river and soon pause to wonder at the delicate rainbow playing in the mist of the Bridal Veil Falls. The rainbow effect is the prettiest at about five o'clock, the time of the passing of the stage. On up the valley you wend your way past the "Three Brothers," Cathedral Rock and Spires, Sentinel Rock, Eagle Peak, and Yosemite Falls, and at last reach your destination in one of the camps or the hotel, which command a view of Glacier Point, Half Dome, Washington Column, and numerous less famous points.

The Other Side of the "Double Loop"

Notwithstanding the fact that you will have seen Yosemite when you start on your return trip, nevertheless there is a treat in store for you, for it is the beauty of the ride down the Valley to the Cascades and up the Coulterville grade through the beautiful Merced Canyon, which will make you remember Yosemite as the most wonderful of nature's wonderlands. This road takes you down the full length of the Valley and into Merced Canyon and past the Cascade Falls, one of the six great waterfalls of the Yosemite. These falls are reached only by this line, as on other lines a side trip is necessary. As you ascend the Coulterville grade,

the beauty of the sight which here meets your view as you glance behind fairly stuns one. The rugged crags, the massive domes of granite, and the rushing, tearing torrent of the Merced below, is a sight never to be forgotten. The ascent of the grade unfolds a picture bewildering in its beauty, sublime in its grandeur, and ever changing in its composition.

One parting glance and a turn in the road hides the view, and a short ride brings one to the Merced group of Big Trees, which while not as large as some, is said to contain some of the finest individual specimens to be found. The Big Trees examined, a half hour's ride brings you to Hazel Green again.

Back Again

Lunch over your forest ride is resumed and dinner time finds you again in Coulterville. A night's rest and a delightful morning ride lands you in Merced in time for lunch and the noon train for the north or south. This ends one of the most delightful stage rides in the world.



BIG TREES, MERCED GROVE. (Merced-Santa Fe Route.)

SCENIC WONDERS OF WAWONA

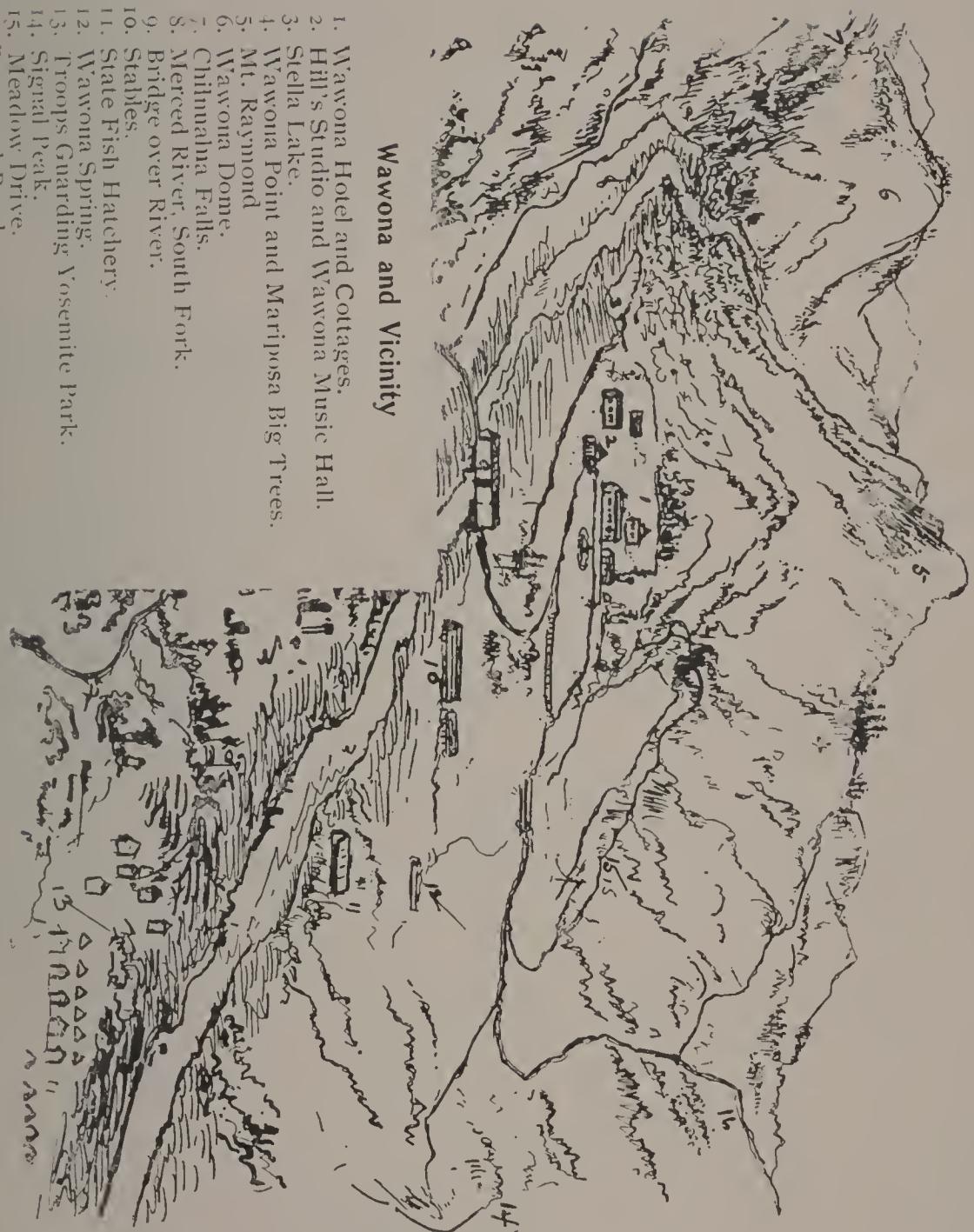
Within a radius of 10 miles about Wawona are to be found more interesting, varied, and inspiring scenic attractions than in any similar compass the world over. Eight miles to the southeast is the great Mariposa Big Tree Grove, in which are many of the largest trees in the world. This is the state's grove, and is managed by the Yosemite commissioners. Nothing more delightful and inspiring can be imagined than a picnic jaunt to these wonders. Eight miles westward Signal Peak looms up like a grim sentinel, guarding this peaceful nook. Five miles off to the northeast are the Chilnualna Falls, that would be famous wonders any other place than in this land of big things, while off in the same direction is beautiful Crescent Lake, only 12 miles away, and alive with trout. There is also good fishing in the South Fork of the Merced, which flows within a stone's throw of the hotel.

A good road and trail enable the visitors to reach the Chilnualna Falls, so that they can enjoy their 300 feet of descent and the sparkling, roaring, foaming cascades below. Rev. John Hannon says that "Capitol Dome, a towering mass of granite, takes the Chilnualna in its hands, and with its rocky fingers is giving out from its cascades a music of magnificence and beauty nowhere else to be found."

"Wawona" is the Indian name for big tree, and it takes its name from the Mariposa Grove near by. In early days it was known as Clark's, or the Big Tree Station. At one time it was owned by Mr. Galen Clark, formerly guardian of the Yosemite, whose home is now there. Wawona is about 26 miles from the Yosemite and 40 from Raymond, the nearest railroad point, the present terminus of the Yosemite branch of the Southern Pacific. It is 4,000 feet above sea-level. Here are the headquarters of the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Co., the largest and most complete now on this coast. To give the visitor some idea of what it costs to operate this stage line, we will mention just one item of expense, and that is, that it takes about 500 horses to stock this road for the season of travel. To get the roads in good condition usually means an outlay of from \$3,000 to \$5,000. During a year

Wawona and Vicinity

1. Wawona Hotel and Cottages.
2. Hill's Studio and Wawona Music Hall.
3. Stella Lake.
4. Wawona Point and Mariposa Big Trees.
5. Mt. Raymond
6. Wawona Dome.
7. Chilnualna Falls.
8. Merced River, South Fork.
9. Bridge over River.
10. Stables.
11. State Fish Hatchery.
12. Wawona Spring.
13. Troops Guarding Yosemite Park.
14. Signal Peak.
15. Meadow Drive.
16. Raymond Road.



OUTLINE MAP OF WAWONA AND VICINITY

when much snow has fallen, it has frequently to be shoveled out of the entire road between here and the Yosemite. Big drifts of it are sometimes blown out by blasts of black gunpowder.

The Washburn Bros. not only know how to please their patrons, but they also do it. No wonder, then, that Wawona is yearly becoming more popular. An electric road from Raymond is all that is now necessary to make this one of the greatest resorts of the world. Such a road will, no doubt, be built at an early date.



Photo by Taber, S. F.

WAWONA AND THE RIVER.

Signal Peak

Signal Peak is one of the many interesting points of view in and around Wawona. It has an altitude of 7,500 feet above the sea. There is a good wagon road completed to within a few rods of its summit. Signal Peak stands out alone, above all its surroundings. Seemingly it was put there to guard the beautiful glen below, and so near

by, Wawona. From its summit, the view is almost as complete as in mid-ocean. The radius of this great circle is about 200 miles, so that over 1,200 square miles are to be seen from here, and there is not an uninteresting square mile in this vast area. There is no other point on this western coast where one can see so much territory at once as from here. "The rugged, snow-clad peaks of the High Sierras, the towering walls of the Yosemite, the heavily-timbered slopes of the nearer mountains, the vast valley of the San Joaquin, and the far-off summits of the Coast Range melting away in the distance, all combine to form an entrancing panorama, which will never be effaced from the memory of any true lover of nature who has once gazed upon it." So wrote a visitor in the hotel register at Wawona some years ago. He put it in the same class as the Yosemite and the Big Trees—more can not be said.

An attraction second only to Signal Peak is Wawona Point. This can be visited during the visit to the Big Tree Grove, time permitting. A wagon road runs to its summit, and from the latter you can look down upon the Wawona Meadow, nearly 3,000 feet below, surrounded by the great domes and crags of the Sierras.

If Wawona had no other attraction than Hill's Studio, that alone would amply repay a visit. The incoming visitor can here view the Yosemite on canvas, as natural as that gifted artist can make it. Here, too, the returning tourist can take a farewell view of the Yosemite. The studio is open every evening, and visitors are always welcome to call. Mr. Hill is a pleasant gentleman, a true artist. Hung on the walls are the skins of about all animals of the Sierras, including the skin of a monster grizzly that weighed 1,700 pounds. It was the largest grizzly ever killed in the Sierras, and so fierce and dangerous was this monster that the old hunter who shot him was afraid to meet him upon the level, and so he built a small "look-out" in the forks of a tree, and there awaited the coming of the bear; and so this magnificent animal was killed. It was hardly a fair fight for the bear; but Jim Duncan knew what he was doing. Here, too, are a vast variety of Indian war implements.

The fish hatchery is located within a short distance of Wawona, and it is well worth a short visit. It is in charge of the fish commissioners, and from here many of the lakes and streams of the mountains are well stocked.

During each season, a troop of cavalry are located at Camp Wood, situated on the river-side a mile below the



CHILNUALNA FALLS, WAWONA.

Height, 300 feet.

hotel, on the opposite side. These soldiers patrol the Yosemite National Park, the southern line of which is between the bridge and the hotel. Here all camping parties have to leave their guns, for shooting is not allowed in the Park. Camp Wood, too, can well be included in the many attractions of Wawona.

Wawona has a good public hall, in which socials are held during the season at least twice a week. Here, in September of '89, that peerless and matchless orator, William Jennings Bryan, spoke two hours to his fellow-citizens.

THE BIG TREES OF THE SIERRAS

(*Sequoia Gigantea*)

Few men love and have studied these great trees as has John Muir. He has lived among them and slept under their friendly shelter during many a year. He has fearlessly defended them against the avarice of the lumber barons and the forest speculators. "Between the heavy pine and silver fir belts," writes Mr. Muir, "we find the Big Trees, the king of all the conifers of the world, 'the noblest of a noble race.' It extends in a widely-interrupted belt from a small grove on the American River, north of the Calaveras Grove, south to the head of Deer Creek, a distance of about 260 miles, the latter being about 150 miles south of the Mariposa Grove. [We believe that only the stumps now remain of the half dozen trees of the American River Grove, which is located about 75 miles northeast of Sacramento.—Ed.] The elevation of the belt is from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above sea. From the American River Grove to the forest on King's River, the species only occur in small, isolated groups, in some cases as much as 40 miles apart. But from King's River southward, the Sequoia is not restricted to mere groves, but extends across the basins of the Kaweah and Tule Rivers in noble forests, broken only by deep canyons. Advancing southward, the giants become more and more irrepressibly exuberant, heaving their massive crowns into the sky from every ridge and slope. But though the area occupied by the species increases from north to south, there is no marked increase in the size of the trees. A height of 275 feet and a diameter near the ground of about 29 feet, is about the average size of a full-grown tree favorably situated. Specimens 25 feet in diameter are not

rare, and a few are nearly 300 feet high. In the Calaveras Grove there are 4 trees over 300 feet in height, the tallest of which, by careful measurement, is 325 feet. The largest I have yet met in my wanderings is a majestic old monument in the Kings River forest. It is 35 feet 8 inches in diameter inside the bark 4 feet from the ground.

No Natural Death Here

“Under the most favorable conditions, these giants probably live 5,000 years or more, though few of even the largest trees are more than half as old. I never saw a Big Tree that had died a natural death; barring accidents, they seem to be immortal, being exempt from all the diseases that afflict and kill other trees. Unless destroyed by man, they live on indefinitely until burned, smashed by lightning, cast down by storms, or by the giving way of the ground upon which they stand. The age of one that was felled in the Calaveras Grove, for the sake of having its stump for a dancing-floor, was about 1,300 years, and its diameter, measured across the stump, 24 feet inside the bark. Another that was felled in the King’s River forest, a section of which was shipped to the World’s Fair at Chicago, was nearly 1,000 years older (2,200 years), though not a very old-looking tree. The colossal scarred monument in the King’s River forest, mentioned above, is burned half through, and I spent a day in making an estimate of its age, clearing away the charred surface with an ax, and carefully counting the annual rings with the aid of a pocket lens. The wood rings in the section I laid bare were so involved and contorted in some places that I was not able to determine its age exactly, but I counted over 4,000 rings, which showed that this tree was in its prime, swaying in the Sierran winds, when Christ walked the earth.”

Mr. Muir believes that the seed of the Sequoia found lodgment upon the high and warmer parts of the range during the latter years of the glacial period, while the great basins and gorges were yet filled with ice. As to whence they came, and why, our space will not permit us to quote further from Mr. Muir. If interested, call at our place of business, “Tourist” Office-Studio, and read his work.

Why They Have Been Named Sequoia

Professor Whitney says: “This genus was named in honor of Sequoia, or Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian of



Photo by Taber, S. F.

THE GRIZZLY GIANT, MARIPOSA GROVE. (Raymond Route.)

(285 feet in height and 31 feet in diameter.)

mixed blood, better known by his English name of George Guess. It was so named by Endlicher, a learned botanist of that time, the early '50's. The Indian was born about 1770, in the northeast corner of Alabama, among the Cherokees. He became known to the world by his invention of an alphabet and a written language for his tribe. He died in New Mexico, in 1843. His remarkable alphabet is still in use, but destined to pass away with his nation, but not into oblivion; for his name, attached to one of the grandest and most impressive productions of the vegetable kingdom, will forever keep his memory green." These facts were furnished Professor Whitney by Professor Brewer.

Fence Posts Made Out of Chips

The Fresno Grove, located about 6 miles south of the Mariposa Grove, is private property. For many years the trees of this Grove have been cut down and sawed up into lumber. Large shipments of the wood have been sent to Germany, to be used in the lead-pencil business. From many trees in this Grove as much as 150,000 feet of lumber have been cut. This lumber is worth at least \$10 per thousand at the mill, and so we have one tree worth \$1,500. No wonder the lumbermen are ever opposed to the preservation of these primitive forests. To fell a tree that is 25 or more feet in diameter is no little job. The tree cut down in the Calaveras Grove in the early '50's required 5 men, with pump augers, 21 days to fell it. But they do things better now. In the Fresno Grove, when a monster Sequoia is to be cut down, they build a scaffold about 10 feet high. Upon this a crew of choppers are put to work, and on the ground another crew, too, is at work. When they have cut into the tree about 2 feet, a hole is then bored into the "chip," so to speak, a good blast of black powder is put in, and the "chip" is blown off. These "chips" are then split into fence posts. When the "chips," as the center of the tree is reached, become too short for posts, they can be sent to the shingle mill.

A Description of the Sequoia

The wood is soft, light, elastic, straight-grained, and looks like cedar. The bark is deeply corrugated longitudinally, and so spongy as to be used for pincushions. The branches seldom appear below 100 feet from the

ground, and shoot out in every direction from the trunk. The leaves are of two kinds—those of the younger trees and the lower limbs of the larger, set in pairs opposite each other on little stems, and those growing on branches which have flowered, triangular in shape, and lying close down to the stems. The cones are remarkable for their diminutive size, being not as large as a hen's egg. The seeds are short, and thin as paper. The magnificent proportions of the trees, and the awful solitude of the forest, give an almost sublime grandeur to this part of the Sierras.

They Grow Elsewhere

Just why the Sequoia has only been found in so limited a territory, and always at an elevation of about 7,000 feet, is a mystery. Seed was first sent to the eastern states and Europe in 1853. The seeds germinate readily, and many thousands of the trees are growing in different parts of the world from seed planted. They grow rapidly. The climate of England is well suited for their rapid growth. Says J. M. Hutchings, "At the country seat of the Earl of Devon, at Powderham Castle, near Exeter, England, there is one specimen that exceeds 60 feet in height and 10 feet in girth, at 3 feet from the ground; and that growth has been attained in less than one-third of a century."

Developing, Printing, Enlarging, at city rates, at "Tourist" Studio (Foley's).



MARIPOSA GROVE OF BIG TREES

This Is the State Park—When and by Whom Discovered

To Mr. Galen Clark, for many years the faithful guardian of Yosemite, whose home is here, and Milt. Mann, now deceased, belongs the discovery of this famous Grove of Sequoias. On Saturday, March 23, of 1901, Mr. Clark, by our request of the previous Thursday, handed us the following account of the discovery of this Grove and the part he took in same. Mr. Clark had called at our then San Francisco office, the "Pacific Photo Journal," 916 Market Street, as noted above, on the previous Thursday, and it was then that we requested him to tell us his story of the discovery. Here is the article in full:—

"In 1855 I was engaged as an assistant on the survey of a water ditch to take water from the South Fork of the Merced River [Wawona is on the South Fork of this river] around onto the Mariposa Fremont Grant. A hunter by the name of R. H. Ogg was employed to hunt and keep the camp supplied with fresh venison for meat. On one of his return trips from a hunt on the waters of the South Fork of the Merced, he reported that he had seen three large trees, of a different character from any others in the forest, the largest one measuring over 90 feet in circumference at the ground, and he thought they must be of the same species as the Calaveras Big Trees, which had been discovered three years previous. In April, 1857, I built a log cabin, and settled on the South Fork of the Merced River, where the Wawona Hotel is now located, and spent considerable time in hunting and exploring in the mountain forests, being always on the lookout for the three large trees reported by Mr. Ogg, who was then dead. In the latter part of the next month, May, in company with Milton Mann, on a hunting trip, we discovered what is now known as the Upper Grove of the Mariposa Big Trees, and a few days later I was in the lower portion of the Grove, and, as they were in Mariposa County, I named them the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Some months later I found the three trees described by Mr. Ogg, in a gulch about three-fourths of a mile southeast of the cabin now in the Grove, a half of

a mile distant from other trees of the same kind. In 1864 the largest one of the three trees was so badly burned by fire that it was blown down, and but little of it now remains.

"When talking to the Indians about the Big Trees, their name for which is Wah-wo-nah, they told me that they knew where there were trees still larger; and in the fall of 1857 I got an Indian to go with me to where they were; but, upon measuring the largest one, I did not find any quite as large as the largest in the Mariposa Grove. As they were located in what was then a part of Fresno County, I named them the Fresno Grove of Big Trees. That county has recently been divided, and so now they are in Madera County. If either of these two Groves had ever been seen by white men before their discovery in 1857, they had never made such discovery known to the public."

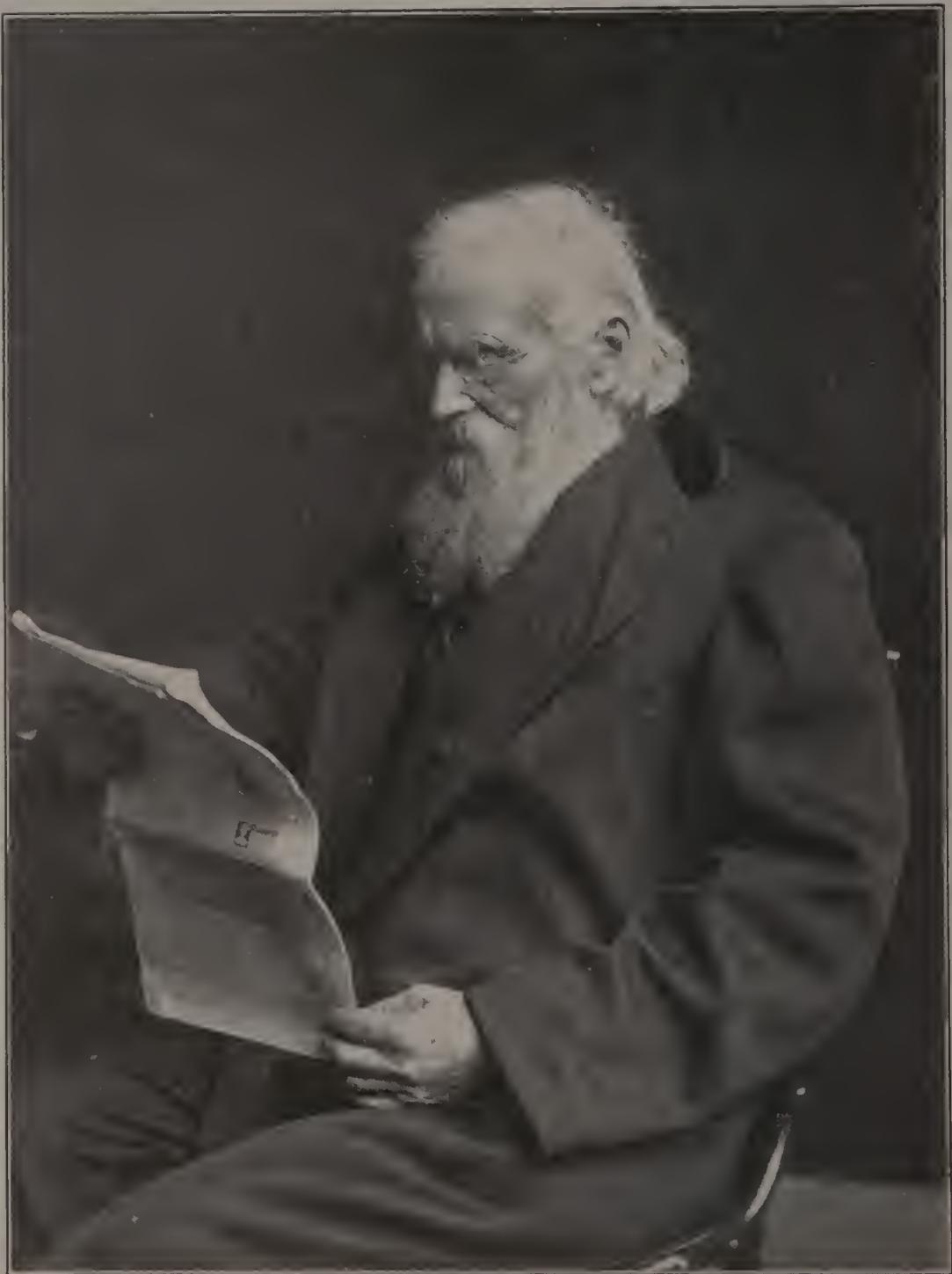
During one of his trips up to the trees, he found a well-equipped miners' camp not far from one of the Groves. Everything about it indicated that they had left it hurriedly. Whether they had been scared off by some straggling Indians, or whether their stock had strayed off and they had followed them, losing themselves in the then wild mountains, are questions that Mr. Clark has never solved.

This Grove is located about 8 miles from Wawona. As noted above, it is under the control of the Yosemite commissioners, it being ceded to this state by Congress at the same time and in the same act as the Yosemite. A keeper or guardian represents the guardian of the Yosemite at the Grove every season.

The grant is four miles square, containing the Lower and the Upper Groves. They are one mile apart. The road from Wawona up to the westerly line of the Grove is owned by the Wawona Hotel and Stage Co., the part within the Grove being owned and cared for by the Yosemite Commissioners.

The Lower Grove

You first come to the King of the Forest, the "Grizzly Giant." At the ground it takes 93 feet and 7 inches to encircle him. Around this mighty monarch 22 people may encompass him, and 18 horses, standing head to tail, can stand around his base. Six horsemen, it is claimed, can ride around this tree, equally distant apart, and not be in sight of each other. The first limbs are over 100 feet



MR. GALEN CLARK.

Mr. Clark discovered the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees (see page 102). He was for many years the guardian of the Yosemite, and his home is amid the wonders he cared for so well and loves as few men do.

from the ground, and they are about 6 feet in diameter, pretty good trees in themselves. This remarkable tree is 285 feet in height. There are a few trees in the Calaveras and other groves that are higher than this, but they do not present the imposing, awe-inspiring appearance that it does.

“Lift Your Hat to Him”

“Here is the ‘Grizzly Giant,’ ” writes Col. J. P. Irish, “which, height and girth together considered, is the largest tree known on the globe. Lift your hat to him. He was here when Joseph was cast into the pit. Birds were nestling in his crown when the Greeks were as naked savages as Tenaya and his band of Yosemites. His mighty arms were lifted in warfare with the winds that long day when Joshua smote at Ajalon. He is the oldest vegetable citizen in the world.”

John Muir says that the “Grizzly Giant” appears to be the only Sequoia that has reached the zenith of its growth. He seems to think that it is really growing old, as such trees are measured in years. Mr. Muir also declares that all Sequoia trees have, at some time or other, been struck by lightning. This may account for the stunted appearance of the tops of this species.

In 1860 Mr. Clark counted the trees in this Grove, and found there were 241, not counting the young ones, many of which are now fifteen or twenty inches in diameter. Since then five of them have fallen, leaving 236. Here, too, is the “California,” through which a tunnel has recently been cut, so that wagons can now drive through same.

The Upper Grove

About one mile up the ridge is located the Upper Grove, and it is the principal one, too. “I counted the trees in this Grove,” said Mr. Clark, “at the same time that I counted those in the Lower Grove, and I found there were just 365 of them. Since then three of those have fallen. I did not count the little trees, many of which are now from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter.” Here is the cabin of the keeper. Here, too, is a pavilion built by the Commissioners during the season of 1901. It is here that one is impressed with the giants to be seen on all sides. Surrounded by these veterans of centuries, you feel their sublime vastness.



Photo by Fiske, Yosemite.

FALLEN MONARCH, MARIPOSA GROVE OF BIG TREES. (Raymond Rounte.)

Off to the right are the "Four Guardsmen," well named. We have just passed a magnificent tree, the "Pillar of the Temple," towering nearly 300 feet above our feet. To our left is a remarkable group of giants, "Lincoln," 26 feet, "Washington," 29 feet, and between them is "William McKinley," about 28 feet, named in honor of the martyred President of the United States. This latter tree is estimated to be nearly 3,000 years old, and it is hoped that in the centuries to come it may still be standing there between Washington and Lincoln. Then there is "General Grant," 28 feet, and "Ohio," 30 feet in diameter, all nearly 300 feet in height. In the rear is seen the tall, slender shaft of "Felicie," the tallest measured tree in the Grove, 334 feet in height. Then there is "Boston," "New York," "Massachusetts," "Columbus," the tunnel-tree "Wawona," 28 feet through and nearly 300 feet high.

Nearly all the states are represented in the Grove; at least all of them can be if some of their citizens so will it. The commissioners have a standing rule never to refuse the citizens of any state the right to name one of the trees of the Grove for their state.

Sarah Anthony has a tree named in her honor. The "Fallen Monarch" at the cabin is one of the wonders of the Grove. So, too, is the living "Telescope Tree," in the upper part of the Grove. The inside of this great tree has been almost entirely burned and hollowed out by the fires of other times, so that you can look upwards a distance of 200 feet and almost see stars at midday. Then there are "Dana," "Harvard," "Lafayette," "Whittier," "Longfellow," "Dewey," "Keystone," the "Diamond Group," all beautiful and shapely giants. The tunnel through the "Wawona" is 10 feet square.

Professor Whitney measured the height of many trees of this group and found they averaged 230 feet.

Amid the Sequoias at Twilight

BY A. B. WHITEHALL

Although it was then June, the eternal snows of the mountains were everywhere around us, and, on the huge banks and drifts stretched away off in the distance, the melting power of heat and the elements was on every side defied. Not a weed or blade of grass relieved the monotony of the view; not the chirping of an insect or the twittering of a bird was heard. There were Sequoias on every side almost twice as high as the Falls of Niagara;



Photo by Fiske, Yosemite.

BIG TREE WAWONA, MARIPOSA GROVE.

Living tree, 27 feet through, nearly 200 feet high. Tunnel is about ten feet square. (On the Raymond Route.)

there were pines rivaling the dome of the Capitol at Washington; there were cedars to whose tops the monument of Bunker Hill would not have reached. There were trees which were old before Charlemagne was born; there were others still growing when the Saviour Himself was on earth. There were others which would endure long after countless generations of the future would be numbered with the past. There were trees crooked and short and massive; there were others straight and tall and slender. There were pines whose limbs were as evenly proportioned as those of the Apollo Belvedere; there were cedars whose beauty was not surpassed in their counterparts in Lebanon. It was a picture in nature which captivated the sense at once by its grandeur and extent. As we drove back to Wawona, through six miles of the forest luxuriance, with the darkness falling about us like a black curtain from the heavens, and the mighty canyons of the Sierra sinking away from our pathway like the opening to another world, then it was not power, but majesty, not beauty, but sublimity, not the natural, but the supernatural, which seemed above us and before us.

Their Great Age

"When the surveyor ran the lines of this Grove again a few years ago," writes Colonel Irish, "he found the pine trees that had been blazed by the first surveyor, 26 years before. Into the side of one he chipped, and found under the growth of new wood the original marks 'XII' that had been cut by his predecessor. Counting the rings in the superimposed wood, they numbered 26, faithfully tallying each year since the original gash was cut.

"Taking the same sort of record to be trusty in the Big Trees, it proves in the case of fallen members of the family, that now lie prone, that they had stood over 5,000 years."

The Calaveras Grove

The Calaveras, like its sister Grove, the Mariposa, was discovered, too, by a hunter, Mr. A. T. Dowd. He, too, was keeping a ditch crew working for the Union Water Co., in venison. When he first recorded his find, the men at the ditch camp laughed at him. Returning one day, he told them that he had killed so much game that he could not bring it to camp. He asked for help. Some of the men went with him. It was not game that he wanted



Photo by Putnam, Los Angeles.

THE CABIN, MARIPOSA GROVE OF BIG TREES. (Raymond Route.)

them for, but to see the monster trees. This was the first Grove discovered, May, 1852. This is a noble, magnificent Grove of Sequoias of between 90 and 100 trees, that measure from 70 to 93 feet in diameter, 4 of which are from 300 to 325 feet in height. These figures are from Professor Whitney. The "Keystone State" has the honor of being the highest. Mr. Hutchings claims that the highest in this Grove is 365 feet. As the trees of this Grove are close to each other, the effect upon the visitor is much better than when scattered about. There is a good hotel at the Grove open during the season. There are good camping spots near by. This Grove has been owned by the Sperry family for years. It is now, however, the property of a lumber company of Michigan, of which a Mr. Whiteside is the controlling factor. Strong efforts have been put forth by the California Club, of San Francisco, and other influential societies, as well as individuals, to have Congress buy this Grove and hold it forever for the public. The Grove is about 60 miles north of the Yosemite, as the crow flies, but about 100 miles *via* the wagon road. If you desire to visit these trees upon your return trip, you will have to go to Sonora, and from there up to the Grove *via* Columbia, Parrott's Ferry, and Murphy's. The Grove is about 35 miles from Sonora, at an altitude of 7,500 feet.

The Redwoods, or Big Trees of the Coast

The magnificent groves of Big Trees found along the coast of California, from Monterey County up to the Oregon line, are known as the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or redwood. They are cousins of the Sierran Groves. In Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, north of San Francisco, they form continuous forests in stretches of many miles. At the Oregon state line the redwood groves come down to the ocean. They are a coast tree, and thrive best in the heavy fogs of Humboldt and Del Norte Counties. They seem to be found only upon the metamorphic sandstone. One of the trees in the Santa Cruz Grove is 50 feet in circumference at its base, and 275 feet high. The wood of the redwood and its bark, too, are much heavier and harder than that of the Sequoias of the mountains.

A Heritage of Mankind.

When the biggest tree known to exist in the world was discovered in the mountains of Fresno County, Cal., the other day, the despatches announced that it would not be cut down because it was just inside a government reservation. The implication was that, if it had been just outside, it would have gone to the lumber mill, or, rather, a lumber mill would have gone to it.

Consider for a moment the full atrocity of such a crime. That tree is 350 feet high, and 51 feet in diameter 6 feet above the ground. It would have dwarfed the fallen Campanile of Venice both in height and in bulk, and when the Venetian bell-tower first looked out upon the Adriatic, a thousand years ago, the Sierran giant was already a hoary patriarch. It was a contemporary of the trees that masked the crater of Vesuvius before the pent-up fires burst forth upon Pompeii. It was flourishing in maturity when Pericles watched the building of the Parthenon, and it was a brother to the cedars of Lebanon that Hiram's workmen wrought into the Temple of Solomon. But to a part of our advanced civilization its chief distinction is that it could be sawed into lumber enough to load 5 freight trains of fifty cars each.

The Campanile of Venice can be rebuilt, but a gardener who wished to duplicate a tree like that in California would have to sit up five thousand years to do it. Happily that particular tree is safe, but many others, hardly less majestic, have already been sacrificed to the doctrine that "a man may do what he likes with his own." Is it not about time to set some limits to that doctrine, when doing what one likes with one's own means inflicting irreparable loss upon mankind?—*Thrice-a-Week World*, 1892.

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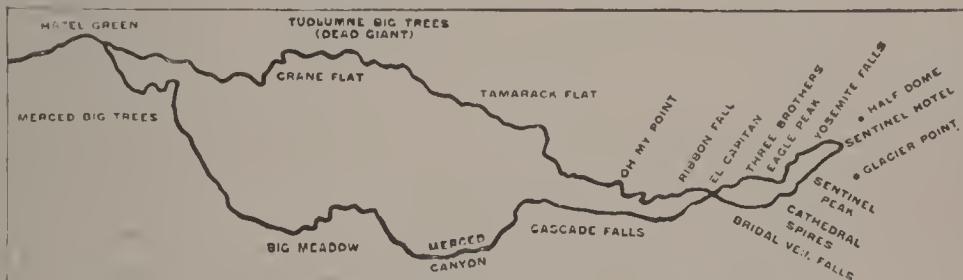
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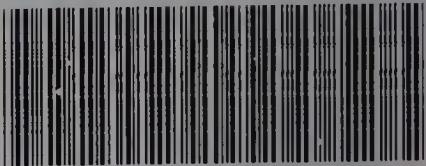


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